Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

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THE McKinley bill has organized a boom in Rhode Island.

EVEN before he is a Democrat Mr. D. B. Hill is a politician.

THE wage-earners constitute the corner stone of this Republic.

THE Springer bill may be a yard wide, but it isn't all wool by a good deal. The farmers and wool raisers are on to this fact big.

THE great surprise to the country was in learning that so many free silver Democrats in the House wear the collars of anti-silver bosses.

WHEN Bland said the free silver Democrats had been betrayed by Speaker Crisp he used the mildest language he could consistently with truth.

FARMERS will make a note of this: Exports of breadstuffs for February of this year amount to $33,840,990, as against $8,349,997 for the same time last year.

PATRICK WALSH of Augusta, Ga., introduced Senator Hill as "one of the ablest, purest, highest, and best exponents of Democracy in the country." Of course he is, and it takes the kind of a man Dave Hill is to be that kind of an exponent of that political faith.

DAVE HILL had already committed about every crime in the political calendar, from paying $2 for a voter to stealing a State Senate, without arousing a word of protest from the virtuous mugwumps of New York but because he calls a convention in February instead of April these same virtuous people threaten him with political ruin.—*Portsmouth Chroniele.*

THE vote in the House on the Bland silver bill means that the Democrats are afraid to do anything in face of a Presidential election. They have decided to fall back on the time-honored custom of doing nothing and having no platform. They can now promise the people this fall that want silver that the bill will be passed next winter and those who do not want it that the bill is dead.

TAKING a broad view of the working of protection since 1816, it appears that the principal products the farmers sell have advanced in price an average of 144 per cent., while on the other hand, the principal articles they have to buy have fallen an average of 79 per cent. Yet Democrats with cheeks of triple-plated brass declare that the tariff is a tax and a particularly heavy burden on the farmers.

A LARGE EDITION of the speech of General Bankhead (ex-Confederate) in the House in denunciation of Union pensions is being printed for circulation in the South. This is the speech in which Bankhead threatened a disruption of the Union if the South is not relieved of the pension tax. According to Bankhead the North must pay the entire amount of the pensions itself or prepare to face another rebellion. The South will not submit much longer, he says, to paying a part of the pensions.

The Wary Politician and the Green Reporter.

The new reporter called on Senator Hill to secure an expression of his opinions on the political issues of the approaching campaign.

"Are you Senator Hill?" inquired the reporter, entering the statesman's parlor.

"I am a Democrat," replied the Senator.

"May I inquire," next ventured the reporter, "if you are or are not a free silver man?"

"I am a Democrat," responded the Senator, politely.

"Ah, indeed," smiled the reporter, "then are you a free trader?"

"I am a Democrat," still insisted the Senator from New Rork.

"Are you in favor of a fight in Bering sea?" asked the reporter, carrying the subject out of the country.

"I am a Democrat," answered the Senator, unchanged.

"Are you a candidate for the Presidential nomination at Chicago?"

"I am a Democrat."

"And you want to be President?"

"I am a Democrat," Mr. Hill insisted.

"Thank you for your courtesey, Senator, and the valuable information you have given me," observed the reporter, with a bow; "now will you join me in a glass of the good old stuff?"

"I am a Democrat," responded the Senator, graciously.

"Yes, I know; that's why I asked you to join me," said the reporter, starting out but the Senator did not join him, and as he picked his way along down the hall he communed with himself, saying:

"I wonder if that man wasn't lying to me after all."

A Great Victory in Rhode Island Despite Democratic Boodle and Threats.

A Majority for the Republican State Ticket for the First Time in Years.

REPUBLICAN ELECTORS WILL BE CHOSEN.

The Return of Alderich to the Senate Certain—Cleveland, and Free Trade Routed—The Vote the Largest Ever Polled in the State on Any Issue—Towns Swept Clean by the Republicans.

The first skirmish in the great presidential contest of this year was fought in Rhode Island. The democrats expected to carry the State, and sent there their best speakers but the Republicans have carried everything and the sun of Democracy has set in abysmal defeat in a contest to which they lent their every energy and strove with threat and money to win the workingmen from their national allegiance.

The battle was well fought and the result decisive. It raged from one end of the State to the other, and on either side the ablest strategists were in command. It was fought for a national cause, and Rhode Island was accepted as a common battle ground on which the first struggle for the Presidential supremacy was to be decided.

Senator Aldrich was attacked because of the stand he took on the principle and policy of protection, and the fight was fought on precisely the same grounds as will be the greater one in November next. Of that election this victory leaves absolutely no doubt.

Horse, foot and artillery, the Democrats are in a disordered retreat; their local regiments are disheartened with their defeat; their champion, Cleveland, who made the contest his own, and the free trade Congressmen who were there for the thickest of the fight, are discredited.

The Democrats are broken in heart and broken in pocket, too, for they spent money without stint. In the city of Providence there are more loose five dollar notes than there ought to be, and they are in the hands of people whose legal claim to them is only nine-tenths that of possession.

Money was depended upon by the Democrats to carry the day, but they found the great heart of the State in its industrial centers incorruptible and they are gloomy. Early in the day they conceded the Legislature lost to them, but contended that their State ticket would have a majority, and they backed up their contention with money, offering odds on the result.

Not only has Senator Aldrich been assured in his seat, and the Legislature in both houses gone Republican, but Brown has been elected Governor by a majority of 220, while he has a plurality of 2,000 in the largest total vote ever cast on any issue in that State. Melville Bull, too has been elected Lieutenant Governor, and Utter Secretary of State by good majoritties. The candidates on the Republican side for General Treasurer and Attorney General had large pluralities, but not a majority, and so their election goes to the joint meeting of the Legislature, which of course, insures their election. Already the Republicans have fifty-nine men in the Assembly, so the question of Rhode Island's politics has been settled decisively.

The Democrats seem palsied. They could understand a little gain in the interior of the State, but that the big cities should go back on them stunned them. They have no excuses to offer. They can have none. They had able orators and admit they had more money than ever before and yet they were beaten at all points and all times.

The reason of the Republican success was the issue. It awakened the people, who responded in no uncertain way, and gives bright augury of the November election. In looking forward to it it must be considered that the Republican chances are much greater, because the party has now broken the ring which dominated the political machinery in the four great municipalities. Rhode Island will go the way in November as she did in April, and a great deal more so, for a new life and a new hope has been born within it.

We received the following massage from Governor Brown:

PROVIDENCE R. I. April 9 1892.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN
DEAR SIR.

I am elected. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican. Senator Aldrich will succeed himself, and the State will choose Republican Presidential electors.

We have taught the party how to win and have demonstrated again in spite of tremendous difficulties that the great heart of the people is true to protection, and to the Republican party which espouses the cause.

If Cleveland and the free trade Congressmen had been here and spoke oftener we should have had a walk over.

D. RUSSELL BROWN.

A FREE TRADE UPSET

Grover Cleveland:—"Excuse me; but seems to me I hear something drop."

How the American Farmer is being Turned into a Peasant.

The census bureau reports that in Kansas 22 per cent of the farmers are tenants, hiring their farms of landlords, and that in Ohio 37 per cent are tenants. This indication of the rapidity with which the agrarian conditions of the old world are being introduced here ought to be enlightening to the excellent people who can't understand why the western farmers are in revolution. It is because they feel what these census figures prove, namely, that they are the victims of a system which, unless overthrown, will soon reduce the formerly proud and independent American farmer to the condition of the European or Irish peasant.

The operation of the system is as simple as it is inevitable. First comes the mortgage, then the foreclosure, and presently behold, instead of an owner working his own acres, a tenant working his landlord's instead of the farmer the peasant. This is the system by which over a third of the farmers in the two states mentioned have already been turned into tenants; and by which thousands more every week in the same and other states are being reduced to that condition.

Is it any wonder that a class of men whose members are higher spirited and more genuinely American in sentiment than any other in the land, and who justly regard themselves as its bone and sinew should not stop to pick their words when they denounce the financial and commercial machine which is bringing about these results, and declare resistance to the death against it?

The issue between the American farmer and the present industrial, commercial and financial system is one that he will find and is already fast finding, admits of no compromise. It is a struggle to the death. No mere change of currency or banking methods or other modifications of its machinery will seriously check the inevitable tendency of the capitalistic system to expropriate the farmer and reduce him to a peasant.

This is the consentaneous voice of history. In all countries of the world, save this, the farming class is, and always has been the most degraded and oppressed of all, the beast of burden and laughing stock of the rest of society. Only for brief periods in any nation's history has it been otherwise, and it has been otherwise in America thus far owing only to the unprecedented and not to be repeated conditions of a virgin continent, which for a time have postponed for the benefit of the tillers of the soil the full operation of capitalism. That time is now past, and never will return. Capitalism has the farmer by the throat and will never let go till it is destroyed or he is. The crisis is upon the American agriculturist, which must determine whether, like all his predecessors in history he shall pass under the yoke, or shall find some deliverance which they never were able to find.

More or less clearly, and with daily growing clearness, the farmer is realizing this. He is doing more thinking today than any other man in the country, as indeed he has need to, and in proportion as he sees to the bottom the seriousness of his situation, he is losing faith in the superficial and merely symptomatic remedies of currency, coinage, and banking schemes to which he was at first disposed to look. Some or all of these devices may be well and even necessary, but they are not adequate; the entire economic system must be changed by the substitution of nationalism for capitalism, by replacing the conduct of the business of the country by a few for a few, with an industrical system which shall be, as our political system already is in name at least, a government of the people, for the people, by the people.

The farmers are, in the very near future going to be not only largely, as they are already, but altogether nationalists, because they have got to be. It is for them, not more truly than for the rest of us but just now more obviously, the only way out.

Ex-Confederate Assault on Union Pensions

In his speech of March 2 in the House, Gen. Patterson of Tennessee gave the following reasons why he thinks the payment of Union pensions a "curse and a blight" to the South:

I do say that the enormous sum paid in the way of pensions is a double hardship on the people of the South. It is a hardship because it is drawn, not from the wealth or property of the country, but from its consumers. And it is a hardship because that part paid by them is transferred from the South to the homes of these soldiers, thereby depleting from year to year the money in circulation. From all these causes it results that there is a dearth of money south of the Ohio River.

Gen. Patterson claims that he was in command of the last regiment in the rebel army to surrender at the close of the war and his associates all agree that he was a man of courage. Even now he finds it impossible to follow the cowardly policies of the Northern Democrats and falsely pretend to be friends of the Union soldier when the real desire is to cut down pensions and put in the pockets of ex-Confederates money which is now going to loyal veterans. Since Patterson displayed the courage of his convictions and plainly avowed his hostility to the payment of pensions to Union soldiers other ex-Confederates in Congress are inspired to equally plain talk and are becoming insolent and threatening in their opposition, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of their Northern associates to keep them quiet. It is becoming very plain what they will do if they once get control of the law-making power of the Government.

"The saddest thing in life to me," said Congressman John H. Bankhead of Alabama, in his speech in the House, March 23, 1892, "is to see a poor Confederate veteran as he drags himself from his cabin to the field to labor, to earn bread for his wife and children, and to realize that one-twelfth of all he makes must be taken from him to pension some camp follower or bounty jumper."

Mr. Bankhead's great sympathy for ex-Confederates may be accounted for by the fact that he himself served four years in the rebel army and was wounded as he claims three times, and doubtless by men whom he now styles, "camp-fellows" or "bountyjumpers." Mr. Bankhead said also:

But I do not care to pursue this question for fear I may let my feelings get the better of my judgement and say something that had better be left unsaid.

That is, he feared he might disclose his real desires and intentions instead of keeping them in the dark as the good of the Democratic party demands—at least until after the election in November. As a reason for his hostility to pensions to Union veterans Mr. Bankhead said:

This Congress has passed a bill appropriating $140,000,000 for the payment of pensions. This large amount must first be collected from the people. It is a cash transaction, not credit, not checks or drafts, but cash. The amount is more than $2 per capita, or more than $3,000,000 for the state of Alabama, or nearly twice the amount collected for State and county taxes in that State; or, to put it more plainly, each family of five are taxed more than $10 for pensions. This money, the representative of one month's labor for the head of the family on the farm, or one twelfth the year's return for labor, goes into the pocket of some pensioner, many of whom are rich men and women. A very small per cent. goes back to Alabama, for we have but few pensioners, and those we do have are not as a rule entitled to the money they receive.

Notwithstanding his fervent prayer that his feelings might not get away with him while discussing pensions, that was just what happened when a little further along in his speech Mr. Bankhead warmed up to the point of declaring that the South would not long submit to the tariff and the payment of pensions to Union veterans but would destroy the Government if these exactions were not stopped. He said:

When the people can no longer stand the oppression, when they can no longer remain silent, when the time comes, as I believe it will if they are not given relief, that the masses in this country rise up and demand justice at the hands of the law makers, I trust that I may be found on the side of the people and fighting with them for what I believe to be just.

The essence of my Democracy is my sublime confidence in the people. They will do right when the right is understood by them. This is their Government and they will control its destiny. When it becomes oppressive they will try to reform it. When it becomes unbearable they will destroy it and build upon the ruins another, fashioned with their own hands. I warn you, gentlemen, not to tempt them too far. I remind you that it is unwise to treat the sufferings of the people lightly.

This is precisely the kind of talk that was heard in Congress in 1861, but before Mr, Bankhead indulges it any further he would do well to pause and reflect that as three tailors of Tooley street were not "the people," neither are the ex-Confederates for whom he speaks, nor any other class at the South that is opposed to the payment of pensions to Union veterans. The real people of this country who have the right and the power to rule it makes up a majority of the whole nation, and it has been demonstrated that they are overwhelmingly in favor of the maintenance of the Union and of generous treatment to the veterans who fought and suffered on behalf of that Union. They will see to it that the Union is not destroyed now by anti-pension payers any more than by the same class arrayed as secessionists thirty years ago. It is rather late in the day for ex-Confederate vaporings and threats in Congress against Union soldiers. It is difficult to give any good reason why men who fought against the flag are now permitted to hold seats in Congress and raise their voices in outrageous and insolent assault on the surviving loyal veterans of the war who have been pensioned because of the wounds or disabilities incurred in the defense of the Nation, and especially when they get there only by crimes against the suffrage. Ex-Confederate insolence and bluster like to which Bankhead gave vent will soon arouse the people to see to it that men of his stamp are not sent to Congress by means of ballot box frauds and abuses of the suffrage and for the purpose of outraging the patriotic sentiments of loyal people. Denunciation of Union soldiers and renewed threats of dismembering the Union when piled on top of ballot-box scoundrelism will soon make the load too heavy for patriotic people to bear. The Democratic party can suppress its Pattersons and Bankheads or prepare to take the consequence of their assaults on loyal veterans.

A Remarkable Result.

They were discussing the liquor habit around the stove in the Eureka Grocery store Bellefonte.

"Well, what do you think of the bi-chloride of gold treatment as practiced by Dr. Keeley?" asked a young fellow with the odor of cigarettes on his clothes.

"Great thing," responded an old fellow with a faded red nose; "I've been voting the Democratic ticket for forty years and I left Dwight after four weeks' treatment a straight-out stalwart Republican."

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—Oxford has won 25 and Cambridge 22 boat races.

—The world consumes 4,000,000 of steel pens daily.

—Cats do not stop growing until they are a year old.

—In Haverhill, Mass, barbers will not shave non-union men.

—On board a ship the day is divided into seven "watches."

—Willsville, Mo, is said to have 1,740 inhabitants and 3,400 dogs.

—There are 382 miles of street railways in operation in Philadelphia.

—The oldest English public school is Winchester, founded in 1387.

—A postage stamp magnified 4,500 diameters would cover 2½ acres.

—Ten million dollars worth of German toys are sold in England yearly.

—The quantiy of air a man breathes in 24 hours would fill several hogsheads.

—Chicago has a burglar who destroys, but does not carry any plunder away.

—The ordnance survey of England took 65 years to make, and was completed in 1856.

—An American doctor reports a case of a woman, 71 years of age, who sheds her bones.

—Million of crickets have made their appearance on the Warm Springs Reservation in Oregon.

—It is said that 127,000,000 boots and shoes are yearly manufactured in the United Kingdom.

—A Presbyterian pastor at Greenville, Ill., has a pulpit inside of olive wood from the Mount of Olives.

—The fastest ship afloat is the City of Pekin owned by the Pacific Mail Company. She costs $1,000,000.

—In 1835 a tame elephant could be bought in India for $225; now their prices range from $750 to $4,000.

—Fruit that drops on to your ground from the branches of your neighbor's trees overhanging your land is yours.

—In spite of the introduction of machine lace, there are at least 1, 000, 000 workers in the various European countries.

—Rabbits, which were unknown in Ayrshire prior to 1777, are now a perfect nuisance to the farmers in some districts.

—Delivery wagons the motive power of which is electricity are the newest vehicles in London. A green grocer had the first.

—Baugor's veteran lawyer wears a pair of calfskin boots that he has had since 1861, and they are in good condition now.

—Wax came into use for candles in the twelfth century, and wax candles were esteemed a luxury in 1300, being but little used.

—The American, Italian, French and German exhibitions cost nearly $2, 500,000, and were visited by over 6.000,000 of people.

—Paris doctors are considerably exercised over some fatal cases of an epidemic, thought to have been caused by birds brought from South America.

—A Philadelphia funeral team did service at a wedding a few days ago, and the dozing driver allowed the horses to carry the bridal couple into a cemetery.

—Burglary insurance is the latest novelty in the insurance business. It is being made a feature of by a company which covers the general accident insurance.

—Persian opium is said to be imported to this country in large amounts to be used in the manufacture of cigarettes. It is utterly unfit for medicinal purposes.

—A Camden, N. J., Lady deposited her purse containing $ 357 in a lamp-post letter box Wednesday instead of the letter It was restored to her by Postmaster Prowning

—The French Minister of Commerce has issued a decree authorizing the employment of pure nickle for the manufacture of measures of capacity intended for the use of liquids.

—A person 1 year old may expect to live 39 years longer; of 10 years, 51; of 20, 41; of 30 years, 34 longer; of 40 years, 28 of 50, 21; of 60 years, 14 more; of 70 years, 9; of 80 years, 4.

—Old Man Coons, of Jaspet county, Mo., who is 60 years old and can read the finest print without glasses, says he has preserved his optics good by pressing the outside corners,

For Democrats Only.

As a statesman pure and simple,
A politician true,
As an honest, clean hard worker,
How will A. P. Gorman do.

For President?

Valerie;

OR,

HALF A TRUTH.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Beauregard saw this as plainly as if Westbrook had expressed it in so many words; but he sauntered away and left the young man to talk to Valerie at his leisure, He was not in the least jealous of Lord Westbrook.

"Valerie would never marry a poor man!" he said to himself, bitterly.

But Valerie had no desire for a *tete-a-tete* with Lord Westbrook.

"We must not linger here too long," she said, "or Mrs. Dudley will be waiting for us."

"Why such a hurry?" exclaimed Lord Westbrook, reproachfully.

But the words only made Valerie quicken her steps, walking hastily and heedlessly across the gnarled, spreading roots of a giant beech, and suddenly her foot slipped; with a sharp cry of pain she reeled, but before she could fall, Max Beauregard, not many feet from her now, sprang forward, and flung his arm around her.

"Valerie, my child, are you hurt?"

But trying to answer him, a deadly pallor swept over her face, her head fell back against him; for the first time in her life she had fainted.

"Westbrook," said Beauregard, quickly and decidedly, "go down the hillside behind us—it is an easy path—there is a woodman's cottage at the foot—bring some water. Don't look so terrified, man! she has sprained her foot, and fainted from the pain. Go quickly!"

Lord Westbrook obeyed without a word, however much he might resent Valerie being in Colonel Beauregard's care instead of in his own.

And Max Beauregard was once more alone with Valerie. Despite his suffering for her pain, a passionate exultation filled his heart as he looked down at the white face lying against him.

"My own!" he whispered, "for these few moments at least. Mine—mine!—held in my arms—resting on my heart—my life—my darling—one kiss!"

But even as he stooped his lips to the mute, unconscious lips that could give neither consent nor denial, the flush of shame swept over his cheek; senseless, helpless, his darling was at his mercy, and so doubly shielded by his honor: and honor, even in the supreme moment of temptation, was stronger than passion.

He paused.

"Heaven forgive me!" he muttered. "I dare not! But this—this is no wrong!"

Not her mouth, but her white brow his trembling lips pressed with one kiss?—nay, again and again—with an anguish of love in every kiss that must surely have pierced to her inmost being, and started the slumbering forces into vivid life; but there was no change in the beautiful face, the heart pressed so closely against his own gave no answer to the passionate throbs that wooed it as tongue could never woo.

Tenderly Max Beauregard lifted the girl in his arms, and bore her to where the ground was clothed with moss, there he laid her down, and, kneeling beside her, raised her head on his arm.

As he did so he saw a faint color steal into her cheek; he laid his free hand on her heart; it beat more strongly. Tenderly he put back the clustering curls from her forehead, and there was a quick contraction of her brow, a deepening color in her soft cheek, that warned him, and he moved his hand; she had felt the touch, and shrank from it.

Did she—he asked the question of himself with a strange, thrill, half hope, half dread, devine it, even in her half-conscious state, for his, or mistake it for some other?

"Valerie!" he said, very softly.

The girl stirred a little, and tried to move her hand; then a quick spasm of pain passed over her face, her lips parted with a half moan; she opened her eyes—those wistful, pathetic eyes—and looked straight up into his, with clear and instant recognition.

"Colonel Beauregard!" she said, faintly, as one not asking a question, but answering her own thought. She had, then, felt and known his touch! But he looked and spoke only with deepest tenderness and loving sympathy.

"You, slipped, and must have sprained your ankle, my child. Are you in much pain?"

"Not—very—much. Yes; I know now. Oh, how foolish of me to faint!"

She had closed her eyes, with a look of pain that belied her words; but almost directly she opened them again, and tried to raise herself from her companion's arm.

He lifted her into a sitting posture, but still kept his arm lightly about her.

"You must not try to stand yet," he said. "Poor child! you do bear it bravely. I have sent Westbrook to a cottage near for some water; he will be here directly. Tell me which foot it is, Valerie?"

"The left. Oh! I am so sorry; it has spoilt the walk! How stupid in me to stumble!"

"Don't make yourself unhappy about what was no one's fault, dear child," said Beauregard, kindly; what it cost him to crush back all sign of the emotions that burned within him, he only knew; "the question now is to relieve your pain and get you home."

"I am giving so much trouble!" Valerie sighed heavily. "But I don't think I can walk."

"I don't think so, either; but it can be managed. Ah! here is Westbrook!"

He came up, panting from his haste and the heat, with a large jug of water, and a glass. Valerie smiled up at him, and held out her hand.

"Don't look unhappy about me," she said; "it was only the sharp pain made me faint. Thank you so much for all the trouble you have taken for me!"

"There's no such thing as trouble for you," said the young man, huskily. "Are you in pain?"

"A little—not much."

Her eyes were full of tears—not for the pain. She took the glass of water from his hand and drank eagerly; and Westbrook said to Beauregard:

"I met Mrs. Dudley at the foot of the hill; but I told her there was no need to come up; there was nothing she could do."

"Except make a fuss—no. Now, Westbrook, will you go back to the Leigh, and bring an open carriage—a barouche is best—back to the foot of the hill, and leave me your handkerchief; I want it, as well as my own, for bandages."

CHAPTER XLII.—A PRECIOUS BURDEN.

Valerie looked up at Colonel Beauregard, who began at once tearing the handkerchief he held into broad strips.

He answered her questioning look, smiling.

"Your sprain must be bound up, Fairy Queen," he said, "or it will swell."

And he took out his own handkerchief, and treated it as he had treated Lord Westbrook's, turning and walking away a few yards.

Valerie quickly, and with a heightened color, pulled off her shoe and stocking, and looked at her ankle; it seemed scarcely swelled, but the pain it gave her when she moved warned her that walking was out of the question, or even standing.

Would Colonel Beauregard want to bandage the sprain up himself? Well, she did not much mind. Soldiers were like doctors, sometimes!

But her heart beat a good deal faster, for all that, when he turned and came up to her again.

"I wonder if you could do the bandaging yourself?" he said. "I am afraid not as well as I should. I am a good doctor at a pinch, you know!"

"Are you?"

She smiled, and thought he would be a gem of a doctor, wonderfully gentle of touch, yet so strong and firm.

"Ay! I have bound up many a worse hurt than this!"

He did not wait for any further assent than she had given to his implied question, but knelt down and looked at her pretty foot and ankle.

"It is here that it hurts you, isn't it?" he said, lightly touching the place with his cool fingers.

"Yes—but you did not hurt!"

"I would be very sorry to do that, Fairy; but I shall hurt you a little now; I know you will bear it—like a soldier's daughter. It isn't a very bad sprain—scarcely a sprain at all! You won't be a prisoner long."

"Oh! I am so glad!" with a long drawn sigh.

"How will the moonlight revels fare without you, eh?" said he, sousing the bandages in the jug, and proceeding to bind up the sprain in the most business-like manner, as if he were a doctor and she a patient; and deftly, too, he did it, most tenderly, yet firmly; the tightening of the bandages hurt her a little, but she did not wince or utter a sound.

"The fairies will have to do without me!" she said, gravely. "But Colonel Beauregard, my shoe won't come on!"

"I don't think it will. Is a shoe a *sine qua non*?—in this particular case I mean."

"N—no! Ah! that is beautiful! It does hurt—but not much."

"Dear child!" his voice shook a little; it is hard enough for a strong man to give any tender, winsome creature pain, but when it is a creature so "passing fair," and whom he loves with all the strength of his soul, it is cruel suffering indeed—"but it will not be for long, Valerie; only the swelling must be kept down."

"Oh! I don't mind," she said, with a brave, bright smile, "and I am so grateful to you for your kindness."

"Give me your handkerchief," said he, "and don't talk nonsense. You want a shoe."

Valerie gave him the pretty bit of scented cambric and lace that he asked for.

"A very dainty shoe," Max said, longing to kiss the trifle. "See!"

In a minute her foot was tied up in the handkerchief.

She burst out laughing.

"The latest in shoes!" she said.

"The sweetest and prettiest!" was on the soldier's lips, but he kept it back, and said instead:

"Only fit for carriage wear, I am afraid."

He put her shoe in his pocket (she had already stuffed her stocking into her own), and rose.

"Now, Fairy Queen," he added, "shall we go down to meet the carriage?"

She held up her hand to him to help her to rise, but he shook his head, smiling.

"Do you think you can walk down the hillside, Valerie?"

"I can try—I must!"

"You can't put your foot to the ground, my child. You must let me carry you down."

"Ah! no—no!" she shrank back instinctively, yet distressed even more on his account. "It's all very well to call me feather-weight, but I must weigh something, and for you to carry me all that distance! Let me stand and see if I can walk."

"If you like; but I see you know little enough about sprains. Come! I wish I had never a heavier burden to beer than you are, Valerie."

She felt that he did not speak of physical burdens; yet had his words any application to herself? She looked up to him with an unconscious, wistful appeal in her eyes.

"I am sorry to give the trouble," she said, with the *naivete* of the Welford Valerie—a *naivete* that might have passed for the quintessence of coquetry in the Valerie who knew herself an idol, for whom any man would do gladly whatever she should ask or desire. Yet Beauregard knew it was not coquetry, else he had not answered so softly as he stooped to lift her:

"Are you sorry? I am for your sake, that there is need, not for my own!"

Indeed it seemed as if he found her "a feather-weight." He had her up in his arms as easily as if she had been a child, and turned to the hillside.

"The descent looks steep," he said. "Are you afraid?"

"Not a bit."

As if she would have feared anything with him! Not by a look did he remind her of that ride through the thunderstorm; yet it must have been in his memory as in hers. By-and-by, when they were a little way down the hill, she asked him:

"Do you find me heavy? Do I tire you?"

"My precious burden, no!"

He felt the little hand that rested on his shoulder tremble; he felt her for a moment breathe quickly, but, not looking in her face, he did not see the flush that swept up to her brow, and the blended joy and fear that flashed into her eyes. She never spoke another word the rest of the way, not even when they were drawing near the bottom, and she saw Mrs. Dudley standing below watching them. Nor did Colonel Beauregard speak; he had said too much just now, or at any rate his tone had, and he set his teeth that he should say no more of the like nature.

Gently he placed his "precious burden" on the sloping turf, to be gushed over by Mrs. Dudley, and the girl just raised her eyes to his face for a second, and said earnestly:

"Thank you very, very much, Colonel Beauregard."

He shook his head, smiling, and threw himself at her feet.

"The carriage will soon be here, I hope," he said, and then Mrs Dudley asked how the accident had happened.

Valerie explained.

"I was walking quickly," she said, "and my foot slipped on a tree-root. The pain made me faint at first, and I never fainted in my life before. I must have stepped carelessly to slip. I wasn't looking where I went."

She knew why, but did not think it necessary to add this information.

"Poor girl! And did you bind up the sprain yourself?" asked Mrs. Dudley.

"No. Colonel Beauregard did that."

Mrs. Dudley smiled.

"Colonel Beauregard is a capital surgeon," she said; but in her heart she was not best pleased at the whole episode.

If she had seen all that passed—seen Max Beauregard's face as he bent over the senseless girl in his arms—seen the kisses he pressed on the white brow—she would have resigned all hope of winning the handsome soldier, whom, while he was yet a younger son, she had given to understand he had only to ask to receive. Lilias Dudley was in many respects a very worldly woman: but all that was best in her was given to Max Beauregard, and if she could not have faced poverty with him, she would be more than content to endow him with her wealth. She was rich enough, she had sometimes said, to consult her heart this time. Rumor had it that her first marriage had been for money.

As it was, though still cherishing some hope—widows do not readily give up their quarry—Mrs. Dudley felt decidedly uneasy and began to fear that Valerie's wonderful beauty was beguiling Colonel Beauregard into forgetting that the girl was a flirt and a mercenary jilt, who had thrown over a poor lover for a millionaire; and the millionaire, in his turn, for a landlord; and yet (Mrs. Dudley was obliged to admit) Valerie took no pains to win her host's affection.

Ere long the carriage was seen approaching, and in a few minutes it drew up, and Lord Westbrook sprang out, and hurried up to the group on the hill-side.

"I have been as quick as I could," he said. "How are you now, Miss Herbert?"

"In some pain, but not much," she said, smiling. "Thank you again for all you have done; and hurrying through the heat, to!"

"Never mind that; you know I don't want any thanks. I have done nothing."

"I don't agree with you, you see," said Valerie, smiling.

"A willfu' woman maun hae her way, Westbrook," said Beauregard, as he stooped to lift Valerie into the carriage.

Valerie thought of Zoe and the chess-game, and it was in her heart that a willful man sometimes gained the victory over a willful woman; but she held her peace.

Colonel Beauregard was placing her on the back seat of the carriage, but she begged him to put her the other side.

"It won't matter to me," she said, "and Mrs. Dudley must not sit backing the horses."

But Lilias protested that she could do so, and Valerie ought to have the place where she could least feel the jolting; so Max settled his charge comfortably, and put a shawl over her feet and a light wrap round her shoulders. Then he handed in Mrs. Dudley, told Westbrook to sit beside her, and himself mounted the box beside the coachman, telling the latter not to drive fast; and so at length Abbot's Leigh was reached, and Colonel Beauregard carried Valerie straight up to her dressing-room, accompanied by Lady Elinor, who asked anxiously if it was necessary to send for a surgeon; but Max laughed at this idea.

"She need only keep it bound up for a few days," he said, "and have linen soaked in vinegar round it, and it will soon be well. But I hope," he added, as he placed the girl on a sofa, "that you will join us in the drawing-room."

"Hadn't I better stay up here," she said, "for this evening."

"You will do as you prefer," observed Lady Elinor, interposing; "but if you like to have tea and dinner here, you could come into the drawing-room later, couldn't you?"

"Yes," said Valerie, "that would be better; and between the banisters and Fauchon I can get down beautifully."

Max smiled.

Col. Beauregard carried Valerie straight up to her dressing-room.

"But you must be careful," he said. "I am your doctor, you know, and I cannot have any risks run. I will see after you."

"No, please, you have done enough already," said the girl, quickly.

"Let me be the judge of that," said he, lightly; "*au revoir*," and he went out.

Angela came running up almost immediately with Amy Linwood, and commiserated Valerie on her accident, and Amy insisted on having her tea in the dressing-room. But Valerie shook her head, laughing.

"There's metal more attractive below," she whispered, drawing Amy down to her. The other's face flushed.

"Don't, Valerie!" she said. "I am coming up here to be with you."

And she had her way; Valerie, however, made her go down to dinner.

"I don't want to quarrel with Hal Dallas," she said; so at last the petted beauty was alone—pressing her hand over her heart—repeating over and over words that might have meant so little, and yet had meant so much: "No, my precious burden!" Was she indeed precious to him? Once more came the question that thrilled through her like wondrous music: "Does Max Beauregard love me?"

CHAPTER XLIII.—AN ENCLOSURE FOR VALERIE.

"Mademoiselle, Colonel Beauregard wishes to know if it will please you to go down to the drawing-room?" said Fanchon, who had gone to the dressing-room door in answer to a knock.

"Ask Colonel Beauregard to come in, Fanchon," said Valerie, quietly, though her heart was beating fast; and as Fanchon opened the door and admitted the Colonel, Valerie looked up, half laughing, half deprecating, in his face.

"I meant to have given you the slip," she said. "Indeed, you need not have troubled yourself; though it is very kind of you to come."

"I said I would look after you, Fairy Queen, and you would be clever to steal a march on an old campaigner."

"But I can walk, Colonel Beauregard—much better with you than with Fanchon, since you are so much stronger."

"Well, you shall try."

He raised her up, and, slowly, leaning on his arm, she succeeded in reaching the corridor.

"You see," she said, smiling, "my sprained foot hardly touches the floor."

"Yet even that little hurts you," said her cavalier, gently, "though you try to hide it from me."

"But a little pain doesn't matter, Colonel Beauregard."

"It does to me, very much," he answered: "Come, Fairy, let me carry you to the drawing-room door; I will put you down there."

He suited the action to the word, taking her up in his arms as he spoke, Valerie yielding without further remonstrance, as was best; besides, she knew it made him suffer to see her endure pain.

"Thank you so much," she said, gratefully, as he gently placed her on the ground outside the drawing-room door.

"Thank *you*, Fairy Queen, for giving in to my man's weakness. It is so cruel to see a woman suffer! but it was easier so, wasn't it?"

"Much—much easier!"

Cruel to see a woman suffer! Yet she had made him suffer, and for what?—as he must think. His words were a sharp stab to her, though he had not meant them so.

Valerie on her couch was like a queen on her throne; they all gathered around her—all save Max Beauregard, who resigned her to others, and, while he talked with Mrs. Langley, tried to steel his heart against the girl he loved so madly, and yet all the time he was vividly conscious of her every change of expression, and listened for her words or her laugh.

And presently Lady Elinor, who had been watching her opportunity, beckoned her brother-in-law to her side, where she sat somewhat apart.

"What is it, Nell, dear?" he said, as he seated himself on the lounge.

"Nothing very special, Max. Did you know that Constance Langley had a letter from Lawford this afternoon?"

"How should I know? and what is it to me?"

"With an enclosure for Valerie," continued Lady Elinor, agitating her fan gently, but glancing edgewise at the soldier's dark face.

He turned to her with a half smile.

"Well," he said. "Is that all?"

"All! Upon my word, Max, I can't make you out!"

"Hadn't you better leave off trying?"

"Impossible! I really began to think Valerie's wiles were succeeding; you have been leading her to think so, anyhow."

"I think Valerie can take care of herself, Nellie," said Beauregard, very quietly.

"Certainly she can!" said Lady Elinor, trying to turn off with a laugh words whose meaning, as regarded herself, was perfectly clear to her; "no one better. Lawford is, of course, resuming his offer; he can have nothing else to write to Valerie about. Mrs. Langley told me she had the letters."

"That you might tell me?"

"I don't know; but I only repeated this for you sake, Max."

"*Vraiment!* Well, by your leave, we'll talk of something else."

But, all the same, the news was another stab to an open wound. Had Valerie done anything to "lure this tassel-gentle back again," so that if she failed to win the greater prize she could still fall back on the suitor so remorselessly thrown over?

No, he would not think this of her; but he did not doubt that Mrs. Langley had taken some such steps.

Was Valerie consenting? Had she read Aston's letter, and was she holding over a reply until she saw whether—even at the eleventh hour—she would score a triumph, and bring the owner of Abbot's Leigh to her feet, or close her visit to the Hall without succeeding in the object that took her there?

It was maddening even to ask such mental questions concerning Valerie; and yet, horrible as they were, he could not quite dismiss them; he could not say such deliberate calculation of chances was impossible to her; and yet, there was ever the paradox which the girl presented to all that she had done—all of which she might (arguing from past acts) seem capable. She made no effort to win the man for whom she had abandoned a rich suitor (yet that might be profoundest coquetry); she was so fresh, so pure, so innocent; in her face no guile; in her acts, in her looks, none of the arts of the coquette. Could design so completely, so successfully, wear the mask of innocence?

No wonder these things perplexed Max Beauregard, lacking, as he did, the key to the truth—seeing only "through a glass darkly."

It was not till near the close of the evening that he approached Valerie's couch, and asked her if they should finish the chess-game sometime to-morrow.

"Yes," she said, "any time you like."

"Nay, put it the other way."

Valerie shook her head.

"It would be all one to me," she said. "I shall have to keep still, so one time would be like another; and you may only have a few times you can call your own."

"An ingenious plea for me—I ank you for it; and if you are not inclined to play when I ask you, will you refuse?

"But I shall like to play anytime."

"Suppose you were reading a fascinating novel?"

"I would prefer chess."

"Very well, I see I must take you at your word."

So they parted for the night.

The next morning Valerie's foot was much better; and Max told her that another day's complete rest, and partial rest for a day or two afterward, would make "Richard himself again," though of course, she could not walk any distance for a fortnight or more.

In the morning nothing was done but general pottering, of which Valerie was the center; and Mrs Langley waited patiently for an opportunity of seeing her niece alone. It came at last, just after luncheon, when the girl had gone to her dressing-room to change her dress, and was resting her foot a little before going down again. Valerie looked up, vaguely apprehensive, as her aunt entered the room, but she said nothing. Mrs. Langley sat down by the couch, facing her niece.

"I hope your foot will be quite well by Saturday," she said—this was Tuesday—"as we have to leave on that day."

[To be Continued]

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New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh butter per pound	25
Cheese, per	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Ham	13
Lard	10
Breakfast Bacon	14
Country Bacon	8
Corn meal, country	10
Meal, country	8
Rye per bushel	15
Potatoes per bushel	30
New Potatoes, per bushel	50
Dried Beef	20
Canned beef, 1 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	2 — 15
Canned Corn, per can	1 — 10
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ALLEGED HUMOR.

Every wheel should have a felloe, and so should every girl.

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"I only wore one pair of cuffs in my life," said Bill Sikes, "and they were handcuffs."

When you are betting on an absolutely sure thing, save out five cents for car fare home.

Tomson—Does your wife open your letters, Johnson? Johnson—Never, unless they are marked private.

The great trouble with a great many men is that when they have once done anything of consequence they spend the rest of their lives talking about it.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred will eat up every cold thing in the house before they will begin to cook for themselves, when there are no men folks around.

What a pity it is that girls cannot select their husbands as they do their dry goods, by getting a sample, taking it home, and giving soap, water and sun a chance to fade it.

First Cooking-School Girl—Dear me! what is a worse disappointment than jelly that won't jell? Second C. S. Girl—I don't know, unless it's butter that won't but, or custard that won't cus!

There are men who will work harder and be more patient to catch a string of fish, that are fit for nothing under the sun except to be counted, than they have done in ten years to keep the devil from their doors.

Old Nick O'Teene (to his young wife)—My first wife was always cold and distant. I like the sweet, confiding way you nestle up to me. His Young Wife—Oh, I don't mind it; I used to work in a tobacco factory!

Editors are, as a rule, kindhearted and liberal. A contemporary tells of a subscriber who died and left fourteen years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared as the lid was screwed on for the last time, and put in a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm leaf fan, and a recipe for making ice.

Statistics prove—or *would* prove, if they got the chance—that more jokes have been written by comic journalists about asses than about all other subjects in creation put together. Can it be that the C. J., in choosing the harmless, necessary make as a theme so frequently, is actuated by "a kindred feeling?"

The rage for duelling is by no means decreasing on the continent. According to the papers, there are two duels to come off shortly in or near Paris, while we read that in Hungary no less than twelve meetings are expected within the next week or two. One of these fine days some one will get hurt in one of these duels, and then they'll see the sinfulness of it all.

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Hunting dogs, when they grow old, become rheumatic, or are at least debilitated with pains. We know, too, that they crave heat, and get as near the fire as possible—a craving which increases as they grow older. One such dog, older than the others and slower in getting at the lodge on returning from the hunt, was often crowded away from the fire by the other livlier dogs getting all the best places before him. Finding himself thus turned out in the cold, he would dash toward the door barking, when the others, supposing it was an alarm would rush away, too, while the old rheumatic went to the fire and selected a place to suit him.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habbit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.

48 page book of particulars free. Address Golden Specific Co., Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Submarine Boats.

The problem of submarine boats seems to have been successfully solved by the French. One of their boats, the Goubet, has a surface speed of six knots and dives and rises at will. On one occasion she was put fifteen feet below the surface, and "lay to" at that depth, keeping her position perfectly. Another submarine boat, the Gymnote, dived under a line of torpedo boats stretched across a harbor, remained down forty minutes, and came up two and one-half miles outside the boats. In returning she passed immediately under one of the boats and was seen for an instant, but not distinctly enough to be pursued. The latest addition to her submarine navy is the Sirene, which has a displacement of 250 tons and a speed of fourteen knots.

Safety in the Midst of Danger.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defence against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand, and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, lagrippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaint.

It is a sin against the stomach and the whole system to get into the habit of irregular meals. Yet this is one of the most common faults of American people. Business and social duties are often allowed to postpone the honr for dining, and the result is nervous dyspepsia grows apace. The stomach gets accustomed to receiving its food at certain hours, and it comes up at that time with a good sharp appetite. If it is postponed it grows weak, the appetite is lost and the person suffers for his indiscretion. Habit in sleep is similar to that of eating. Insomnia is often caused by disregard of any particular hour for sleeping, and it is often cured by steadily observing a regular hour for retiring.

5000 AGENTS WANTED QUICKLY to supply the IMMENSE demand for CONWELL'S LIFE OF SPURGEON, 500 pages, richly illustrated. Price, $1.50 A biography of the World's Greatest Divine, by the Spurgeon of America. Beware of cath-penny books; this is the standard Agents' success astonishing, interest intense. Send quick 30c. for outfit, and get the territory. Address HUBBARD BROS., 406 Race St., Philadelphia.

To cure a felon, wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder until the affected part is entirely covered; then keep the powder wet with strong spirit of camphor.

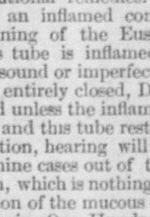
FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 1yr

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

SOOTHING-HEALING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts. by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

PRICE 50 CTS.

IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

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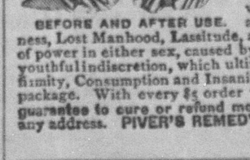
HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find **the** golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5** to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We shall need you and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free,** by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

LOST MANHOOD!



BEFORE AND AFTER USE.

"NERVITIS" (Piver's French Nerve Remedy), is sold with a **Written Guarantee** to cure all Nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervousness, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthful indiscretion, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Price, $1.00 a package. With every $5 order we give a written **guarantee to cure or refund money.** By mail to any address. PIVER'S REMEDY CO., Toledo, O.

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.

What should we do?

Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it.

Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. CURES IN A DAY

A New and Wonderful Discovery

which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.

Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.

Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. SANDEN'S

ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS-BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.

Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS.

Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlet, sealed, free by mail. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 319 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	Westward A.M	A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	5.3	4 56	9 23	4 28
Eagleville—f	9.2	4 59	9 26	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 48	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 25	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	6 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	42.7	6 23	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	[illegible]	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 42	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 46	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	P. M.	P. M.
TYRONE		7 55	4 10	7 21
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	4 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	4 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 10	4 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	4 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	4 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.5	8 21	4 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.2	8 28	4 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	4 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 29
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 19	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	38.6	9 51	4 53	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 49
Beech Creek	47.0	10 20	5 13	9 [illegible]
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 38	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M					
5 05	9 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.9	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.6	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.05 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
0	6.50	2.15		MONTANDON	8.50	9.20	6.45
1.5	6.55	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG	8.39	9.10	6.35
1.5	6.55	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG	Ar	9.10	6.35
5.4	6.30	2.35		Etebl f		9.00	6.24
6.5	6.35	2.40		Vicksburg f		8.55	6.29
10.7	6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG		8.43	6.10
13.1	6.52	2.57		Barber f		8.36	6.3
15.2	6.58	3.03		Sweigle f		8.30	6.5
16.1	7.00	3.05		Millmont		8.27	6.5
18.5	7.08	3.14		LAURELTON		8.17	6.46
22.5	7.19	3.25		Pardee f		8.06	6.35
23.9	7.23	3.30		Cherry Run f		7.59	6.29
32.2	7.43	3.45		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	6.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		Ingleby f		7.39	6.07
36.6	7.58	4.00		Coburn		7.30	6.00
39.6	8.01	4.08		Zerby f		7.21	5.52
43.4	8.18	4.17		Rising Springs		7.12	5.43
46.2	8.18	4.25		Penn's Cave f		7.05	5.37
49.2	8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL		6.58	5.28
51.6	8.32	4.37		Gregg f		6.51	5.22
54.6	8.37	4.43		Linden Hall		6.43	5.14
56.7	8.42	4.48		OAK HALL		6.38	5.13
58.5	8.46	4.52		LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57		Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE		6.10	5.05

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
F. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD. No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	WESTWARD No.1	No.5
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 29	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 03	17.	Scalp	1.	6 07	3 08
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 19
5 59	8 51		Linns		6 19	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 46
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	LYSTA COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "P" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 33	a m
"	" William'port "	7 10	a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31	a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55	a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55	a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40	p m
GRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys.	8 50	a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 00	m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 20	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days.	11 40	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45	p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	p m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02	p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00	p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia	4 3	a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20	a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15	p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila	4 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 32	p m
"	" arrive Williamsport.	10 20	p m
	EASTWARD.		
Sea Shore Express	l'ves L Haven w	7 20	a m
"	" Jersey Shore.	7 48	a m
"	" Wms'port	8 25	a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 25	a m
"	" Phila	3 15	a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30	a m
"	" Renovo	10 20	a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a m
"	" Williamsport	12 30	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	5 27	p m
"	" Renovo	10 35	p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25	p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves Renovo	4 45	p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	10 05	p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25	a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	l'v,s Wms'port	2 42	a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	5 30	a m
"	leaves "	7 00	a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowSnow
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M P Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

Republican Reciprocity Did It.

In 1891, during January, the exports of hams from the United States to Porto Rico amounted in value to $1,286.

In 1892, during the corresponding month after the benefits of Republican reciprocity had begun to be felt, our exports of hams to that country amounted in value to $7,607.

This increase of $6,321, or 494 per cent., was due to Republican reciprocity.

In 1891, during January the exports from the United States to San Domingo amounted in value to $65,035.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding month, our exports to that country amounted in value to $86,996.

This increase of $24,961, or over 38 per cent., was caused by Republican reciprocity.

HIS FIRST VOTE.

A Patriotic Young Missourian States the Reason Why It Will Be Republican —Tens of Thousands More Like Him

November next I am to cast my first vote for President and as I will vote the Republican ticket it is not out of place to give my reason for so doing.

To answer this question intelligently it is necessary to outline the policy of the Republican party. I might answer that as I am the son of an old soldier, my first vote should be cast to perpetuate the policy of the government of those great men who made it possible for me to live in a grand and united republic "of the people, for the people, and by the people," a government of Lincoln, of Grant, and of Gardfield; a government which to-day stands pre-eminent above every other government on the whole face of the civilized world, and made so by thirty years of Republican rule; a government which throttled slavery and one of the greatest civil wars in the world's history —then generously made the rebels an equal at the ballot box.

This answer would be sufficient, but would not satisfy even myself and would not do justice to the party of which I am an humble member.

To make an answer fully within the bounds of reason I would say the government should have at its head a man who represents the best interests of the poorer classes and a man who is every inch an American.

The Republican party advocates protection to American industries; it represents the policy of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none;" it represents the brain of the nation; it believes in a "free ballot and a fair count;" it opposes trusts and dangerous monopolies; it fosters our home enterprises; it would rather pay an American ten cents more an article than to buy the same of a foreigner.

I am a Republican, not only because it is the party of Lincoln, Seward, Grant, Blaine, Conkling, and others of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century, but because it is the party of progress, purity, and patriotism, the party of humanity, harmony, and happiness; the party of culture, charity, and civilization; the party of refinement, of brains, and last of all, practice and not theory.

The Republican party elevates, ennobles, purifies, strengthens, and fosters the best interests of the American people. The Democratic party tears down, "views with alarm," and destroys the happiness and prosperity of a glorious and happy people.

"With malice toward none and charity for all" let the Republican party go on to victory, and the young men who are becoming educated to the wants of our people will fill up the ranks with arms at "present," ready to go on with the work so gloriously begun. Sincerely yours.

ALVA R. GARRETT.

TRENTON, Mo., March 1, 1892.

Moral Enthusiasm in Politics.

The victory for public ownership in the London county council election is even more complete than at first reported. The new council will consist of 83 progressives, who propose to by the tram-car system and warterworks now in private hands, and 35 moderates, which is a name recently assumed by the London tories. It is not surprising that the population of London has at last risen in revolt against the monopolies which landlords and private corporations have maintained in that city, but it is gratifying to see that the electors looked before they leaped, and this conviction that a solution had been found may have aroused what one writer calls the "religious interest in municipal politics."

Throughout the campaign it was plain there was a moral awakening that amounted almost to a religious enthusiasm. "We Christians," said one orator," have entered the sphere of municipal politics with a view to championing the rights of the poor." And then he explains the nature of the remedies proposed. "The issue, broadly put, is the municipalization of the public services of London, on the one hand, or the perpetuation of remunerative undertakings in the hands of monopolists which ought rightly to come within the province and control of the public powers." This is a good form for moral enthusiasm to take. In London they are beginning to look to a man's environment as a prerequisite to moral growth. We are not sure but this "religious interest in municipal politics" is the natural consequence of the prospect of applying a new and more just system of economy in the conduct of what is called the natural monopolies.

It is safe to say that so fast as any city takes over to itself in behalf of the people the business of supplying transportation and communication, light, water, and the necessities of life which gamblers have cornered, just so fast will the moral plain of politics be elevated. Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York is now engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with Tammany hall, and his contention that the dives and gambling hells shall be closed, whether Tammany fancies it or not, is a credit to him as a brave defender of public morals. And yet, will he defeat Tammany? Other men, in and out of the pulpit, have joined issue with the result for good worth the mention. It is a bitter and an up-hill fight for Dr. Parkhurst and his church. One would think that with a moral issue he would win any community not winning in any radical or important sense, and he will never win until he strikes deeper and makes politics in New York worth the candle. If the great metropolis were to buy the elevated railway system now in operation, and the surface road systems for the purpose of operating them on a three-cent fare, and if the city were to conduct the telephone and messenger service and local express business, open fuel departments for the supply of coal and wood at or near cost to factory and factory hand alike, own the docks as Liverpool does,—and they are the finest in the world,—condemn from time to time old rookeries and nests of disease and crime, and build model tenement houses to be rented out at a reasonable figure as Glasgow is doing, the power of Tammany hall would melt away in a few years before the healthiest, most heaven-lit revival that New York ever witnessed. The moral enthusiasm in London politics is the logical result of the discovery that the legitimate function of property is to serve the happiness and comfort of all rather than to pander to the cupidity and vanity of a few at the expense of the many. Let this moral enthusiasm in politics go on.

Neatly Done.

"Do you think any girl ever proposes in leap year as they say, Jennie?" he asked.

"Not unless she is obliged to," answered the maiden.

"H'm! I hadn't thought of that," he said after a pause.

"But, George," she said, laying her hand affectionately upon his arm and looking into his eyes, "you, I am sure, will never force me to that humiliation."

"No—er—that is to say—of course not. I—"

The ice was broken, and three minutes later George was Jennie's accepted.—*New York Press.*

200,000,000 BREAKFASTS!

AMERICAN FARMERS WILL SUPPLY THEM.

Secretary Rusk Says We Are Approaching The Golden Era Of Agriculture.

A correspondent recently asked the Secretary of Agriculture whether the American farmers would always be able to supply the people of the United States with food if they continued to increase as they do now.

Uncle Jerry replied at once in this wise: "Always is a long time, but I think I can speak for a good many years to come. We have hardly begun to tap the great agricultural wealth of the United States. It is true that the day must soon come when all the good public lands will be taken up—the best are gone now—but after that modern invention will turn toward our vast areas of desert and swamp. The first will be irrigated and the latter will be drained. The swamp lands of the South will be reclaimed and diked. We will have a second Holland along some parts of the Gulf of Mexico and the golden age of farming will be at hand. As this goes on farms will steadily increase in value. They are now a large part of the aggregate wealth of the country. Twelve years ago our five million farms were worth $10,000,000,000 and they produce yearly crops worth more than $4,000,000,000. We talk of the poverty of the farmer, but by the census of 1880 the stock on the farms alone was worth over $1,500,000,000 and by statistics which we have over at my department to-day our live stock is worth nearly twice as much now. We know how to prevent diseases of stock and we have gained also in better breeding and better feeding. To-day our best beef is sold at two years old. It was not many years since beef was not thought to be beef unless the animal was at least four years old, and yet the meat of the two-year-old beeves of to-day is of the finest quality and it surpasses in weight that of the average four-year-old of twenty years ago. Where beeves can be turned off the same land, and the early maturity of our mutton and swine is to-day as marked as that of our beef.

"It is the same in all branches of farming, and I believe that the prosperous era of the farmer is just beginning. The people of this world have got to be fed, and their food must come from the soil. We have 65,000,000 people here to-day. Twenty years from now we will have 100,000,000, and in less than two generations 200,000,000 Americans will wake up every morning in these United States and cry to the farmers for breakfast."

FARMERS IN POLITICS.

"The new organizations of the farmers,' says Secretary Rusk, "are an indication of the growth of their intellectual life. They are thinking for themselves and their ideas show that they are awake and that they are studying their own interests. I am glad to see it. I think the country is to be congratulated upon the awakening interest which they have in political affairs, and I believe that they are, by their numbers and their peculiar position, especially well fitted to serve as a balance wheel in political matters. Extremists may be found in their ranks as in the ranks of all other classes. I do not apprehend that the farmers will ever be a political party of themselves in the United States. Their interests are wrapped up in those of the rest of the country, and their success forms the foundation of the success of all classes and all industries. They will continue to support such great ideas and public questions as come before the country, and the difference of opinion will be as great among them as among the members of the other classes. They are the most conservative element of the United States. They do more honest thinking than the people of the towns. They generate public sentiment, and the majority of them are seldom wrong."

Mr. S. G. Derry

Of Providence, R. I.,

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells below of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which was followed by eczema or salt rheum, breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms,

A Foul Mass of Sores,

swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my suffering in those years of agony and torture. I spent

Thousands of Dollars

in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time I was unable to lie down in bed, had to sit up all the time, and was unable to walk without crutches. I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged by my faithful wife twice a day.

"Finally a friend who was visiting at our house, urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began by taking half a teaspoonful. My

Stomach Was All Out of Order

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly covered my body. It was driven to the surface by the Sarsaparilla, the sores soon healed, and the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months; and since that time, nearly two years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight

of myself and wife at my recovery it is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from personal experience." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford street, Providence, R. I.

If you are Bilious, take Hood's Pills.

Left-Handed Protection.

Republican: "You are a protectionist, I believe?"

Democrat: "Not much. I'm a free trader."

Republican; "Well, free trade is protection."

Democrat: "How do you make that out?"

Republican: "It is protection of foreign labor and foreign manufacturers, and that's what you are in favor of by your own admission."

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED lands for Taxes for 1890 and 1891—Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated tracts of land for the nonpayment of taxes. Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in county of Centre, Pa., for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m.

BOGGS TOWNSHIP

Acrs.	Per.	Warrantee Name	Taxes
433	163	Godfrey Martha	$ 25 82
433	163	Harvey Jonathan	17 46
431	40	Hood Moses	17 68
150		Lane Sarah	6 15

BURNSIDE TOWNSHIP

415		Black James	12 46
433	163	Brady Robt	13 01
433	163	Brady Wm P	23 43
433	163	Brady John	13 01
415		Boyd John	12 46
433	163	Cook William	27 43
433	163	Cowden John	27 43
140	112	Cox Paul	24 00
433	163	Dewart John	12 81
433	163	Dewart William	12 81
433	163	Donnelly Henry	12 81
433	163	Fox Samuel M	12 81
433	163	Gray Robert	12 81
433	163	Gray William	12 81
433	163	Grant Thomas	23 43
433	163	Gobin Chas	12 81
360		Guerney Francis	5 04
433	163	Hall Charles	13 01
433	163	Housel John	23 43
433	163	Hamilton Thomas	6 07
433	163	Kidd John	13 01
433	163	Lyon John	23 43
200		Miller William	2 80
70		Nickolson John	2 10
64		O'Brien Michael	5 74
216	163	Parker Jeremiah	14 65
433	123	Shaffer Henry	23 43
40		Stewart Walter	24 09
433	163	Scott Samuel	13 01
143		Stewart Ann	8 59
415		Tallman Sarah M	12 46
433	163	Towers James	26 09
415		Widener Jacob	5 82
415		Wallace Jos S	12 46
433	163	Wallace Joseph	12 81
415		Weitzell John	22 41
123		Wheeler Henry	3 71
204		Withington Martin	6 11

COLLEGE TOWNSHIP

147		Johnson Ross	3 96
250		Johnson Thomas	9 00

CURTIN TOWNSHIP

50		Brooks Jesse	9 70
294		Bruce Charles	14 27
71	131	Curtin Roland	3 44
294	31	Godfrey Martha	14 27
403		Kelso Rebecca	33 25
100		Kelso Joseph	8 25
200		Meyer Philip	19 40
100		Meyer Simon	9 70
439	48	Myers Michael	40 41
420		Myer Valentine	40 41
196		Miller James	10 78
115		Taylor Joseph	8 25
160		Willis Jonathan	13 20

FERGUSON TOWNSHIP

100		Burchfield Wm	5 55
29	48	Bates Daniel	2 15
12		Glasgow Silas	1 85
10		Hicks Abram	1 30
10		" "	19

GREGG TOWNSHIP

2 3		Bishop Cornelius	3 90
100		Carson John	3 90
140		Gray Robt	2 73
380		Hubby Barnard	6 41
106	126	Hahn William	7 89
122	31	Hepburn Wm	1 15
144		Logan Wm	2 80
153		Markley Jacob	3 19
88		Painter John	1 74
125		Richardson Isaac	2 44
148		Reed Daniel	2 87
118		Taggart Wm	2 29
136		Taggart David	2 66
51		Unknown	1 99
116		Zeigler Michael	7 80

HAINES TOWNSHIP

121		Barr Thomas	1 92
125		Barr James	2 01
129		Barr Mary	2 07
100		Gratz Michael	1 50
306	89	" "	4 99
405		Gratz Simon	6 49
209		Grove Wendell	3 35
435		Hall Chas	15 21
25		Hayes Calvin M	41
112		Henry Joseph	1 80
133		Links Mary	2 14
80		Motz John	64
120		Rhoads Daniel	1 92
388		Seidell Philip	6 53
303		Seidell Peter	5 96

HALFMOON TOWNSHIP

216		Lamborn Josiah	10 22
70		Pyle Jacob	2 21
44		Unknown	1 55

HARRIS TOWNSHIP

94		Conley Adam	4 79
240		Duff Andrew	2 80
196		Fisher J C	8 59
200		Gregg Thomas	4 18
93		Henry Stophel	4 65
140		Henry Stophel	1 12
75		Irwin John	1 29
158		" "	3 61
10		Irwin Wm	52
169		Mitchell John	8 70
231		" "	10 75
402	80	McCormick Eleanor	5 87
260		McClellan George	3 65
412	124	Parker Thomas	21 07
400		Reed James	9 60
88		Reynolds John	4 59
212		" "	10 81
170		" "	5 09
100		Sankey Thomas	1 75
165		Simpson Nathan	7 53
235		" "	11 99
100		Unknown	1 29
159		Wilson Samuel	8 09
241		" "	12 31
125		Wilson David	6 39
75		Wilson William	1 29
30		Wilson Peter	86
152		Work David	7 65
138		Work Joseph	7 05

HOWARD TOWNSHIP

107	104	Brown Samuel	8 03
415		Godfrey Martha	14 20
136	92	Harris Jas D	5 33

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP

80		Gorrell Wm	6 50
166		Hayes Robt and Jas	19 92
175		Hayes Wm ½ of	3 57
309		Irwin Robt	18 87
185		Jackson Jeremiah	7 41
125		" "	5 02
209		Krouse Daniel	8 00
150		Lytle Peter	6 71

MARION TOWNSHIP

197		Harris A D	1 80
37	100	McKinney David	6 95
80		Young Robt	1 24

MILES TOWNSHIP

440		Brady Wm P	4 27
273		Barton Wm	5 05
403		Carothers Jas	5 40
200		Carothers Thos	3 79
250		Cooper W E	18 50
434		Calhoun Geo	31 28
200		Gray Robt	14 80
100		Hepburn Jas	2 06
100		Kreamer Peter	3 70
402	134	Miles Wm 9-16 of	16 72
402	134	" " "	13 12
58		Parker Wm	4 30
200		Princeton Jacob	14 80
277		Swineford Peter	1 43
415		Sidell Stophel	30 71
150		Wolf Jonathan	2 78
158		Young Benjamin	2 91

PENN TOWNSHIP

200		McCauley Wm	7 09
300		Montgomery Wm	10 50
276		Montgomery Daniel	11 27
170		Swineford Peter ½ of	2 93
400		Swineford George	7 20

POTTER TOWNSHIP

265		Blair Joseph	14 02
288		Bond Mary	5 76
400		Brady Wm P	12 00
81	111	Cameron Alex	1 96
153		Deninger Christ	7 20
309		Falls Thomas	4 27
208		" "	7 88
84		Frick John Jr	4 92
198		Fulmer H B	2 51
200		Garrigas Edward	3 90
125		Hubler Bernard	6 32
100		Hunter Alexander	5 76
286		Jacobs G	6 34
200		Garrigus Wm	3 90
300		Gregg Thomas	5 70
275		Gordon Thomas	8 78
300		McClellan George	4 27
314		McKim Robert	19 32
86		" "	1 71
138		" David	2 70
262		" "	15 34
195		McClellan Geo	2 11
278		Norris John	7 80
98		Patterson Benjamin	5 62
447		Parker ——	13 40
300		Reed John C	3 00

POTTER TOWNSHIP

100		Scott Samuel	5 86
100		Scott Abraham	5 86
108	61	Telly, Ferrell	3 90
88		Vanderslice Henry	5 86

RUSH TOWNSHIP

433	153	Allison John	204 78
328		Allison Jas	157 44
250		Allison Andrew	108 00
300		Allison A and Jno Lilly	19 20
40	10	Atherton Richard	5 68
381	153	Allison Andrew	18 24
52		Bauman Joseph	4 99
433	153	Beech William	45 47
433	153	Brickley Daniel	18 18
433	153	Burg John	9 09
433	163	Collins Zacheus	9 09
776		Copenhaver & Whitcomb	30 15
253		Dentler William	24 29
433	163	Ehler Daniel	27 28
433	153	Eberman Philip	20 83
433	153	Fitzgerald Daniel	27 28
433	153	Grant Thomas	103 93
50		Groe Elizabeth	3 25
121	152	Groe & McKeon	12 71
216	156	Grant Thomas	41 47
433	153	Greaves Thomas	9 11
433	153	Gray Wm	19 96
433	153	Hess Henry	9 10
433	153	Hess Christian	9 10
433	163	Hopkins Joseph	14 95
433	163	Hopkins John	26 59
433	153	Haines Reuben Jr	61 49
216	156	Hamilton Thomas	41 47
433	153	Irvin Robert ¾ of	13 65
433	153	" " ¼ of	11 39
100		King Robert	48 00
434		Lucas Chas	9 11
433	153	Lewis David	9 11
433	153	Lowden Richard	27 38
433	153	Lowden John	45 47
400		Matlock Nathaniel	8 40
200		Matlock Josiah	4 20
433	153	Malone Richard	9 11
433	153	" "	20 83
433	153	Myers Jacob	57 98
433	153	McClellan John	54 60
26	152	McCoy William	55
425		Morris Richard	8 93
433	153	Morris Casper W	9 09
433	153	Morgan Benjamin F	9 09
433	153	Morgan B F ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Morris Isaac W	9 09
100		McCord J R & A Campbell	6 25
433	153	Musser John ¾ of	11 39
433	153	" " ¾ of	13 69
433	153	Morgan B R ¾ of	11 39
433	153	Malone Richard	9 09
433	153	" "	9 09
322	153	Old Davis	54 39
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Pinkerton Henry	24 28
30		Phillips Hardman	3 78
14	84	Potter W	1 89
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	11 39
177	84	Phillips Hardman	33 98
433	153	Reed Robert	9 09
40		Reed John	5 04
333	153	Rudisill Jacob	29 97
433	153	Rush Benjamin	103 93
38		Robinson Wm H	3 99
36		" "	3 78
216		Ranny Robt	10 37
433	153	Slough George	41 57
433	153	Stoner Christian	45 47
433		Stoner John	14 94
433	153	Siddens Eleanor	45 47
193		Witmer Henry	18 53
12		Williams J C	1 78
326¾		Wilson John	13 70
75		Wilson Wm	15 75
346	39	Wister Bartholomew	7 27
433	153	Wister Thomas	9 09
433	153	Wallace Jas J	41 57
108		Wilson John	4 54
433	153	Zantzinger Paul	54 60

SPRING TOWNSHIP

186	115	Purdue John E	9 81
300		Robinson Catherine	14 20
300		Robinson Rebecca	8 40
150		Robinson Richard	5 33
100		Unknown	4 21

SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP

433	153	Fisher Samuel W	62 35
433	153	Fisher James C	62 35
433	153	Norris J P ¼ of	9 31
433	153	" " "	9 31
216		Parker Jeremiah ½ of	2 97
216		" " "	2 97
162		Tompkins Jos	26 73
433	163	Waln Phoebe	31 82
39	29	Wharton Mary M	2 20
39	29	" "	2 20

TAYLOR TOWNSHIP

76		Anshultz Geo	3 65
63		Beckwith Clement	8 95
50		Clark Joseph	4 80
168		Hootman Elizabeth	12 62
434		Montgomery W W	9 98
216	156	McEwen Polly	20 83
434		Montgomery John	9 98
100		Master Thomas	9 60
200		Whitehead Richard	19 20

UNION TOWNSHIP

150		Brown William	6 39
117		Davis Boyce	3 25
150	140	Marn Harvey	6 68
433	163	Wister Wm	17 59

WALKER TOWNSHIP

92	94	Askers Robert	2 01
212	10	Baker John	7 48
162		Brooks Ruth	2 89
247	65	Baker Robert	5 43
280	129	Currier Mary	6 16
60		" "	1 32
115	113	Daugherty Mary	2 54
179	110	Daugherty Elizabeth	3 96
69	39	Evans Jesse	1 51
100	39	" "	2 20
91	26	Eckert Wm	2 02
80		Fry George	3 52
243	55	Gilbert Wm	5 34
211	72	Hahn Peter	4 66
22	47	Hahn Ebenezer	51
65	40	Hahn William	1 43
219	39	James Margaret	4 84
215	155	James Edward	4 75
59	40	Johnson David	1 32
161		Knox John	6 60
327	160	Mansell Wm	7 22
99	94	Mercer John	8 47
327	100	Mercer David	7 22
384	36	Miller Wm	8 47
443	59	Osman Captain	4 84
86	40	Packer Job	1 91
89	40	Packer James Jr	2 00
182		Purden Richard	6 60
100		Purden Jno	2 20
175		Robinson Richard	6 60
88	54	" "	1 93
382	188	Sutler Daniel	8 44
12		Wilson Robt	27

WORTH TOWNSHIP

33		Clymer Henry	1 84
74		Campbell Robert	88
380		Howthorn Thomas	3 46
345		Kuhnes John	23 00
260		Layman George	4 00
330		Mayland Jasper	4 60
264		Miles Samuel	18 40
86		Ross John	5 92
100		Shippen Thomas L	14 76
79		Swanwick John	4 83
6		Singer John	69
88		Shippen Wm Jr	3 45
237		Wister Wm	15 41
30		Wister Daniel	2 40
107		Unknown	15 19

NOTE.

In accordance with the act of June 6th, 1887 interest will be added to the amount of all taxes assessed against unseated lands above advertised. JAMES J. GRAMLEY, County Treasurer.

PRINTING.

Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have $1 or $1000 worth done.

PRESSWORK, FROM PLATES 50 CTS. PER 1000.

Our representative will call upon you if so advised. Address,

Republican, Bellefonte.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

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Real Estate and Collection Agency.

Rents or Sells Property of all Kinds.

Does a General Collection Business

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Special Attention Given to Collecting Rents and Business Accounts.

If you have any property for sale or rent or wish to buy or rent property, call and see me at

Room 13, Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN C. MILLER.

23 19 1m

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Bdy., N. Y. 14 1m

ACTIVE, RELIABLE MEN WANTED!

The year round to represent us in the sale of Nursery Stock. Local or traveling. Good wages and expenses, or commission. O. D. GREENE, Syracuse, N. Y. 23 14 1m

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of March, 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of April, the 24th day of April, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

23 19 4t

FOR RENT OR SALE.—The residence situate on East Linn street, adjoining property of F. P. Green, now occupied by Rev. Elliott. All

[Communicated.]

ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY.

Help For Those Who Help Themselves.

To the Friends of Southern Education:

Atlanta University has doveloped a rsmarkable degree of self-help among the 600 young men and women whom it is training to become teachers and leaders of their race. Last year these students paid toward the expenses of their training $16,200 in cash besides an hour of productive labor every day from each of the boarding students. These cash payments alone covered thirty-six per cent of the entire current expenses of the Institution for the year. It is believed that in no one of the richly endowed Institutions of the country do the students pay any larger proportion of the actual cost of their training.

A larger part of the money paid by these students was earned by them in teaching school during the snmmer vacation—an employmet in which two thirds of all the living graduates of the University are permanently engaged, and in which not less than 15,000 colored children are being taught annually by our past and present students. And, as these student teachers, of both sexes, receive at the University a thoroughly industrial training, they are all to accomplish much in the improvement of the home life of their pupils and the general uplifting of the communities where they teach.

The University has practically no endowment. To meet the actual cost of its work over and above what is covered by the income from students and a few other regular sources, it needs an annual scholarship of $40 for each student. At the present time, 150 of the 600 students are still unprovided with the needed scholarship for the current year.

Can the sum of $40 be put to better use than by helping one of these self-helpful students to get one year of his preparation to help his own people?

The Institution is unsectarian, controlled by an independant Board of Teachers, and has the endorsement of such men as Bishop Philips Brooks, Mr. Wm. Loyd Garrison, Dr. Lyman Abbott, President Timothy Dwight, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton Dr. H. C. Hayln, Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, and Hon. Eliphalet W. Blatchford.

It is hoped that no one interested in this appeal will restrain from sending a small sum if unable to send one or more scholarships

Remittances may be made to my address, Atlanta Ga.

HORACE BUMSTEAD,
President of Atlanta University.

April 7, 1892.

HANDSOME VS. HOMELY.

Who is that fine-looking lady that we just passed, Clara? Why, that is Mrs. Snow. Well, there, what a change; when I saw her last, her skin was so sallow and muddy looking, it's no wonder I didn't know her. What has produced that lovely complexion? I heard that she took Sulphur Bitters, the great blood purifier, and now would not be without them.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

The best thing to clear dandruff from the hair is kerosene. Of course it should be scented, but this can be easily done.

To purify cistern water put a peck of charcoal in a bag and hang it in the water; it will take up all bad odor. Put some in the sink and keep it over the screen and no bad smell will come from it.

Thoroughly dry salt intended for table use and mix with it a small proportion of corn starch, if you would overcome the tendency it has, in damp weather, to pack solidly in the salt cellars or shakers.

Ladies should be careful how they use vaseline on the face, for the result of a number of experiments has indeed the suspicion that a persistent use of it will cause hair to grow on almost any part of the face. There have been instances known of ladies inducing a heavy growth of hair on the upper lip and chin by using vaseline to drive away pimples.

To take spots out of carpets, give the carpets a good sweeping to take out all dust, then have some very hot water with salt in it, say a tablespoonful to a quart of water; then apply with a stiff brush until all signs of spots have disappeared. Next take some dry rags and rub until nearly dry. Have a good fire in the room if possible and you will be surprised with results.

To make good tomato soup, put a pint of tomatoes in a saucepan, add a blade of mace and a sprig of parsley, let stand fifteen minutes. Put a quart of milk on to boil. Rub a tablesponful of butter and two of flour together, add to the milk when boiling, and stir until it thickens. Press the tomatoes through a sieve, add a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of soda to them, then pour over the boiling milk; stir and serve immediately.

For boiled rice, a teacupful of rice, put in a saucepan and cover with boiling water, let boil rapidly until dry; take up when dry and serve with butter and salt.

"Guide to Health," a valuable book, containing the indorsements of prominent regard to the "Anchor Pain Expeller," the best known remedy for all forms of Rheumatic disease. Mailed free of charge on application to F. Ad. Richter & Co., 310 Broadway, New York City.

That Grant Monument.

It begins to look as though the long talked-of Grant monument in New York was at last about to materilize. A committee has been appointed by the association to take charge of the laying of the cornerstone of the tomb and the 27th of April is appointed for the occasion. President Harrison is to lay the stone. Gen. Porter, president of the association, has issued an appeal for $350,000 to finish the work and intimates, what the country has long thought, that it is high time for New York to do something in the way of redeeming its pledges.

The Wonderful Chinook.

A correspondent at Calgary writes as follows: "On Wednesday night, Jan. 20, this part of Canada witnessed one of those peculiar phenomena called a chinook. The day was an ordinary winter day—clear, bright and frosty. About 8 p. m., without a sign of warning, a gale sprang up in an instant. Those inside rushed out to see a blizzard, but instead they were met by a clear sky and a hot, soft wind. In a few minutes the thermometer jumped from a few degrees above zero to 48 above. The wind was from a point or two north of west. A change so sudden, though unusual, has occurred before. But what seems strange is that during all of this time the thermometer was 40 degs. below zero at Laggan, a little over 100 miles west of here, and in the mountains. A difference of 80 degs. of heat in 100 miles must be something wonderful. Yet the wind, which was blowing a gale, and at times almost a hurricane, was blowing directly from Laggan. The wind and the heat was maintained during the greater part of the night, and the cold was intense at the other point for all that time. Now, the question I would like to ask the learned men of the east is, Where does the chinook wind come from?"—Toronto Mail.

The End of a Connecticut Bull Case.

After the celebrated Winsted bull case was ended on Friday the bull was decorated with ribbons and flags and led through Main street. Upon the upper part of the bull's appendage the animal had a handsome bouquet made of white ribbons; his horns were garlanded with yellow ribbons, around his body was a surcingle, and each of his sides was ornamented with an American flag. He was a gaudy looking bovine, and his appearance drew plenty of attention from the crowd of people on the streets.

He is a small animal, not worth at the outside over twelve dollars—he was sold a few months since for ten dollars—but this lawsuit, occupying nearly a week before a jury, with about sixty witnesses on both sides, has brought his total cost up to about $500—that is, reckoning the costs on both sides, including lawyers' fees. The man who lost the suit not only loses the bull, but as one dollar was given to the plaintiff with the bull, the loser will have the costs of the suit to pay, besides his own lawyer's fees. Beef comes high sometimes—especially bull beef.—Hartford Courant.

Married on His Deathbed.

Wednesday Stroud Van Meter and Miss Spencer were married at Marengo, Crawford county, Ind., the bridegroom at the time being on his deathbed. About ten days ago Van Meter and two brothers were injured by the premature explosion of a blast of dynamite while working in a quarry near Marengo, his injuries consisting of a broken leg and arm, the loss of an eye and internal injuries that will almost certainly cause his death. The wounded man and Miss Spencer had been for some months betrothed, and were only waiting for an improvement in their financial circumstances to have the ceremony performed. When the accident occurred the young woman insisted that the ceremony be performed at once in order that she might be at liberty to care for her betrothed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Millions of Red Herring.

The waters of the inlet at this time of the year are fairly alive with red herring. The general belief is that shipping will drive these fish from any waters, but any one standing on the deck of a boat lying in the stream can see millions of them now. Saturday afternoon several boys were observed fishing in the old Indian fashion, and they secured a lot of fish. The Indian method is as follows: Take a slender pole about twenty feet long and drive in on one side a dozen or two of tenpenny nails; then, sitting in the bow of the boat, propel it by paddling with the pole. The pole, in passing through the water, catches the fish on the nails. In this way a large quantity may be caught in a short time. —Vancouver Telegram.

A Brave Conductor.

The conductor of a passenger train near Saline City, Ind., a few days ago by his presence of mind averted a horrible accident. The train was standing at the station, when by some mistake a freight train was backed upon the main track. The engineer on the passenger train, to avert a collision, reversed his train and with the fireman jumped. The collision was slight, but the passenger engine soon was running at a frightful speed. The conductor, noting the desertion of the engineer and fireman, at the risk of his life clambered over the tender and closed the wide opened throttle, stopping the train just in time to prevent a collision with an incoming train.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Eight Remarkable Marriages.

Eight of the most remarkable marriages on record took place within a few weeks in the parish of St. Marie, Quebec. Two neighbors named Morin and Rhaeume have each eight children, four sons and four daughters. Rhaeume's four sons have married Morin's four daughters, and Morin's four sons have married the daughters of Rhaeume.—Yankee Blade.

An Adjustable Propeller.

A recent English invention is a screw propeller in which the blades can be adjusted for maneuvering or can be feathered for running under sail.—New York Journal.

THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette

"Horrors, what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry.

"Oh, its plain enough," interjected the poet hastily. "The rhymes and the meter will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy."

And the manuscript went hustling up the tube to the composing room.

* * * * *

"Sa-ay, what dod-gasted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out slug 10 wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last take. "I can't make head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the foreman, "make whatever you can out of it, and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

* * * * *

"Good Caesar!" gasped the proofreader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes failing or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers, or slug 10's on a royal toot!"

At that instant a scream came down the spout:—"Rush that proof along for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proofreader groaned, galloped down the column, hesistated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring, "I compared it with the copy and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

* * * * *

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue with a glance and dropped it into the mail with this brief note:—

"My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie—I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt towards you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, &c."

Miss Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton glanced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly opening the paper read:—

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering blim
Twirls the toads in a toooroomaloo,
And the whiskery whine of the wheedlesome whim
Drowns the roll of the rattatattoo,
Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-shee,
And the voice of the ballymolay,
Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummered in blee
From the willy-wad over the way.

Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinkettyblanks
When the punglung falls from the bough
In the blast of a hurricane's hicketty-hanks
Over the hills of the hocketty-how!
Give the rigamarole to the clangery-wang,
If they care for such fiddlededee;
But the thin gumbob kiss of the whangerybang,
Keeps the higgledy-piggle for me.

L'ENVOI

It is pilly-po-doddle and allgobung
When the lollypop covers the ground.g
Yet the polddddle perishes plunkety-bon
When the heart jimmy-codles around.

If the soul cannot snoop at the giggle-some cart,
Seeking surcease in gluggerty-gluz,
It is useless to say to the pulsating heart,
"Yankee-doodle ker-chuggety-chug!"

* * * * *

The new space writer and Mess Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton are not engaged now.

An Impostor.

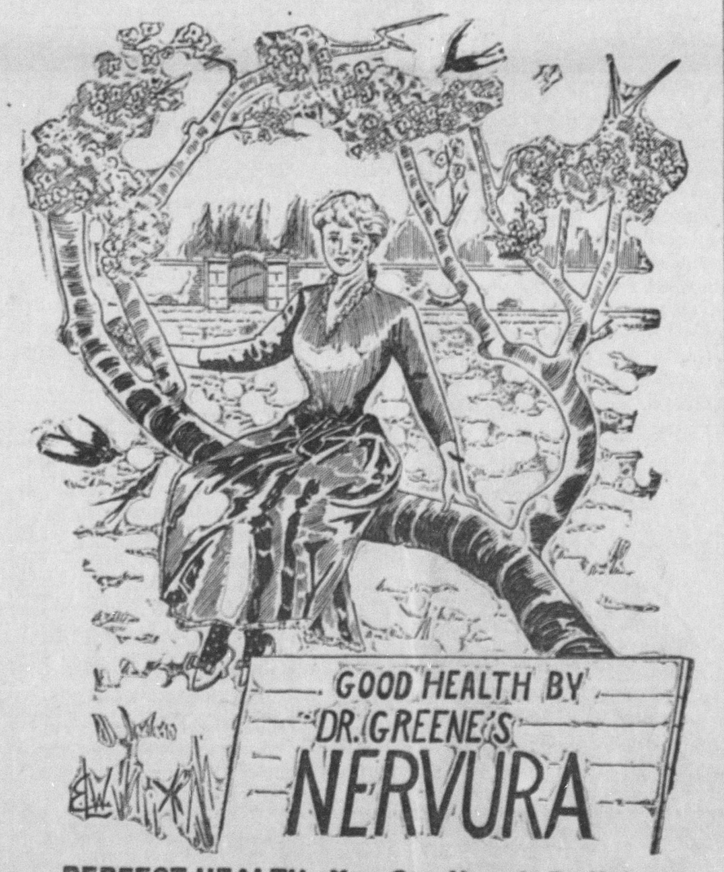
Notice has been received at state camp headquarters of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, to the effect that a person representing himself as W. H. Ward, of camp No. 83, of Philadelphia, is traveling through the state soliciting aid from the members of the order wherever he goes, and has recently been operating in Dauphin, Mifflin, Juniata and Huntingdon counties with considerable success. Upon inquiry the officers of camp No. 83 report that there is no such name as "W. H. Ward" on the roll of the camp. Consequently the person referred to is an impostor who should be speedily apprehended and severely dealt with. The members of the order throughout the state are cautioned to be on the lookout for him.

WM. WEAND, State Secretary.

Another Political Story.

A Washington special to the Evening Telegraph says: Senator Quay asked the two western senators who have been engaged privately in trying to revive the Blaine boom if they were sure that Mr. Blaine would accept the presidential nomination if it was offered him. They replied that they were perfectly sure that he would accept. Mr. Quay said then that he could assure them of solid delegations from Pennsylvania and New York for Blaine.

Ater the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your strength and health, and expel every trace of poison from the blood.



PERFECT HEALTH--You Can Have it By Using

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA,

(Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.)

Best Spring Medicine.

For Nervousness, Spring Debility, Nervous Debility, Weak and Shattered Nerves, Tired Feeling, Sleeplessness, Poor Blood, Heart Failure, Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Despondency, &c.

The Great Nerve, Brain and Blood Invigorant.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA is the most successful remedy ever discovered. Its sales are simply enormous. It cures more cases of disease than any other known medicine, and has saved thousands upon thousands from Paralysis, Insanity, Nervous Prostration, Heart Failure, Physical Exhaustion or Death. It is, beyond all question, the greatest health restorer in existence.

Use this wonderful remedy if you wish to get well, for it is a sure and positive cure. For sale by all druggists; price $1.00 per bottle. *Refuse all substitutes.*

Is This How You Feel?

If you are weak, tired and nervous, with lifeless feeling and no ambition to work, it will restore your strength, vigor and energies. If you are sleepless and wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, depression of mind and extreme nervousness, it will clear your head, tone up your nerves, invigorate your blood and put vim and life into you.

Dr. Greene, the famous lecturer and specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free at his office, 35 West 14th St., New York, personally, or by letter.

IN A DAY.

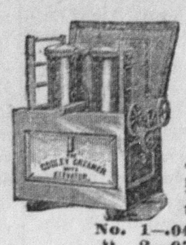
LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."



No System or Method

CAN COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH THE

COOLEY CREAMERS,

In the exhaustive separation of the cream from the milk.

The only submerged or water sealed method of raising cream. Skimmed milk analyzed by the **Vt. Experiment Station** showed less than one-twentieth of one per cent. of fat, viz:

No. 1—.04 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 2—.05 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 3—.00 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 4—.05 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 5—.06 of 1 per cent. of fat.

It gets all the butter fat from the milk, and makes **Butter** that has taken

23 GOLD MEDALS.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.
Manufacturers of everything used in Dairies or Creameries.

Send for Circulars.

STRONG TRUTHS.

From the Lips of a Representativ eRepublican—President Harrison on Protection.

The purpose not to permit American wages to be brought below the level of comfortable living, and competence, and hope, by competition with the pauper labor of Europe, has taken a very strong hold upon our people. [Applause.] And of kin to this sugestion and purpose is this other: that we will not permit this country to be made the dumping-ground of foreign pauperism and crime. [Great applause.] There are some who profess to be eager to exclude paupers and Chinese laborers, and at the same time advocate a policy that brings the American workingman into competition with the product of cheap foreign labor. The disastrous effects upon our workingmen and working-women of competition with cheap, underpaid labor are not obviated by keeping the cheap worker over the sea if the product of his cheap labor is allowed free competition in our market. We should protect our people against competition with the products of underpaid labor abroad as well as against the coming to our shores of paupers, labors under contract, and the Chinese labor. [Enthusiastic applause.] These two thoughts are twin thoughts, the same logic supports both; and the Republican party holds them as the dual conclusion of one great argument.

BENJ. HARRISON.

PALO ALTO.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS are now used on the stock farm of Gov. Stanford, the home of SUNOL, ARION, PALO ALTO etc. This completes the list of prominent stock owners who have adopted the use of HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.

Do You Want a Job of Work Done

If so, you should give us a call. We guarantee to satisfy you in style, quality & price. We do

ENVELOPES,

LETTER HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

BILL HEADS

And all kinds of Commercial work

Sale Bills A Specailty.

No other office in the county can compete with us.

Give Us A Call.

OFFICE in the McClain Building opposite Bush House.

PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
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EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

(Established in 1819.)

The Oldest Agricultural Paper in America.

Office: 1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.
Office Southern Edition: 228 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

The veteran AMERICAN FARMER, which is the senior by many years of all the agricultural papers in the country, having been published in Baltimore for nearly three-quarters of a century, and always maintained a high character, has passed into new hands, who have removed the main office to Washington, D. C. The office of the Southern Edition will still be retained at Baltimore, Md.

GREATLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

The new proprietors have greatly enlarged and improved the journal. It now has 32 large pages, with a handsomely embellished cover. It is printed in the best style, on fine book paper, with an abundance of illustrations by the best artists. It aims to be the largest and handsomest farmer periodical in the country, and *no other gives as much high class reading matter.*

THE VERY BEST AGRICULTURAL TALENT

in the United States has been secured to write for it. Specialists in all branches of farming, who are acknowledged to stand at the very head of their respective branches of knowledge, have been engaged to conduct the various departments of the journal, and everything that appears in its pages can be confidently relied on to be the best and latest knowledge and opinion on the subject. The science of agriculture is making strides in its development, and THE AMERICAN FARMER's object will be to keep its readers fully abreast of the latest developments, and make them the best informed and consequently the most successful farmers in the country. No man can hope to get the most from his fields and flocks without this knowledge, and the knowledge and hints he will get from THE AMERICAN FARMER will make its subscription price a most profitable investment for him. All this information will be plain, practical, and couched in every-day language.

FOR THE FARMER'S FAMILY

there is a Literary Department, made up of excellent short stories and interesting miscellaneous matter, and a Household Department, conducted by the foremost woman writer on the subject in the whole country.

ITS POLITICS.

THE AMERICAN FARMER will be entirely neutral in politics, but support to the best of its ability a judicious protection through import duties on every farming product. It will have no friends in any party but the friends of the farmers, and no enemies but theirs. It will not hesitate to attack any man who, by speech or vote, opposes the interests of the farmers, and it will carefully watch every movement in Congress, and every ruling and decision in the Executive Departments affecting those interests. It is the only farming paper in the country that makes these things a specialty.

THE SOUTHERN EDITION

is devoted especially to the peculiar products and interests of the South, and will spare no labor or expense in promoting the well-being of the planters and farmers of that section.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

The journal is published regularly on the 1st and 15th of each month, thus giving 24 issues each year and an enormous amount of reading matter for the money.

The subscription price is $1 a year, payable in advance. A special introduction offer is made to send it for the remainder of 1892 for 50 cents.

In subscribing, specify whether for the regular or the Southern editions. Send money by postal-order of New York drafts. Address all communications to

THE AMERICAN FARMER,
1729 New York Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

SARA'S ROMANCE.

BY AMA RANDOLPH.

"Dearest mamma, couldn't I have it?

Mrs. Aubrey sat by the half-light of the dim fire—coals were by far too dear for a reckless blaze to be permitted—with the curtain yet undrawn, so that the tender yellow light of the February sunset shone in, and the angles of the room were filled with shadows.

A pretty little room it is now, although it would hardly have borne the brilliant, uncompromising light of noonday, for the carpet was darned and mended in many a place, and neatly fastened rag rugs had been laid skillfully down to hide the spots which were past all redemption. The table-cover was faded by many a washing; the curtains were arranged in folds which should not betray the rags, and the very mantel ornaments were mended with cement.

To keep up the outward show and dignity of a lady upon an income which would have been insufficient for a servant, is trying to the most courageous nature; yet this had been Mrs. Aubrey's task ever since her husband died, leaving her with little Sara, a child of nine summers. She had economized in the most painful degee; she had worn her shabby dresses until they were ready to drop off; she had patched her clothes until there was scarcely a shred left of the original material; she had cut off this luxury and that condiment from her poor table until her diet became literally bread and water; and even then debts grew upon her like hideous fungi. Her husband had left her a trifle, but this was carefully reserved for the expenses of her little Sara. However she might pinch and scape and starve, Sara was always comfortably clad, and had plenty of good, wholesome food to eat. But there are a score of shabby-genteel devices by which reduced ladies can earn a few dollars, and Mrs. Aubrey solicited copying from the village lawyer, sat up long after Sara's pretty eyes were sealed in slumber, to embroider fine work for the stores, and even rejoiced to get plain sewing to do, at a rate which was pitifully meagre!

It had been seven years of famine, but the end of the long ordeal was approaching at last. Sara was being trained for a teacher, and the graduation day was near at hand—Sara, who had grown into a tall, lovely girl, like a white lily; with deep violet eyes, reddish-brown hair, all interwoven with threads of gold, and cheeks of velvety pink: and Mr. Mitchell, the principal, had promised to use his very best efforts to obtain a situation for Sara when she had graduated; and all seemed *couleur de rose*.

And in the winter twilight Sara had rushed into the room, bringing with her a breath of frozen, pine-scented air, and told her mother how the graduating class were all to be dressed in white merino and and white silk shirred overskirts and broad white ribbon sashes.

"Not a bit of color about us, mamma," the girl breathlessly added, "except the little knots of blue violets we are to wear at our belts."

Mrs. Aubrey looked aghast.

"White merino, dear! With white silk shirred overskirts! Indeed, indeed, Sara, so far as you are concerned, it is quite out of the question!"

"Mamma!" cried the girl.

"My darling, it would cost twenty-five dollars at the very least," urged Mrs. Aubrey.

"No, mamma," pleaded Sara; "only twenty. Helen Hazelton says we can buy the material all in one piece and get a considerable reduction on it; and you know, mamma, darling, you are such a skillful needlewoman that my dressmaker's bill will be nothing."

"But even then, dearest," said Mrs. Aubrey, "where are we to get the twenty dollars?"

Pretty Sara burst into tears.

"My darling, don't! pleaded the mother, in whose heart every sparkling drop was like the acute prick of a dagger. "Don't break my heart, Sara! I should like to see you as elegantly dressed as any girl in the school, but you know how poor we are."

And then, with her tear-wet face hidden on her mother's shoulder, Sara sobbed out:

"Couldn't I have it, mamma? Oh, darling mamma, couldn't I?"

"I will do up your old muslin, dear," said the mother. "And I think we can afford some fresh blonde and new ribbon sash and—"

"Oh, mamma," interrupted poor Sara, "must I wear that old, tattered shrunken thing, when all the other girls are in merino and white shirred silk?"

"Dearest, what else can we do?"

"How wretched it is to be poor!" sobbed Sara, sitting down on the hearth-rug, with her face in her mother's lap. "Mamma, what have we done that we should be so cramped and ground down, so fettered with poverty?"

"It will not be so always, dear," encouraged her mother.

"No," said Sara, sadly; "I shall be a teacher soon. And then, mamma, you shall have a wine-colored cashmere dress and a set of furs, and I will wear what I please. But, mamma, if I could only have the white merino dress this once!"

"My daughter! My daughter!"

Sara could feel the warm drops from her mother's eyes upon her cheek.

"Mamma!" she cried out, caressingly, "don't cry, that's a darling! I'll wear the old white muslin! I'll wear anything! You have been a heroine, quietly and patiently all these years, and here am I that can't endure a single privation! Mamma, I'll be a heroine, too."

And the pale mother and blooming daughter clasped each other tenderly in a long, silent embrace.

"But it's a shame, isn't it," resumed Sara after a brief silence, "that wealth should be so unevenly divided in this world? Look at Helen Hazelton, at the 'Court,' with her greenhouses full of flowers, and her pony phaeton, and the diamonds she is to have when she leaves school. It's a surprise for her, mamma, quite a surprise. Colonel Hazelton himself showed them to me—a cross and a pair of solitaire ear-drops like sparkles of white fire.'

"Showed them to you, dear?"

"Yes, mamma!" answered the girl.

"But how came he to do that?"

"Oh, he often talks to me when I am at Court" said unconscious Sara.

"About what Sara?"

"Oh, about Helen, and about the ferns and orchids in the conservatories and the new birds in the aviary and about the foreign countries he has travelled in. Oh, I wish you could hear him, mamma," cried the girl, enthusiastically.

"What sort of a man is he, Sara? asked the mother, becoming vaguely conscious, at this late day, that her pretty treasure was no longer a child, but a budding maiden, with all a maiden's sweet possibilities before her.

"He's very handsome, mamma. Dark and tall, with a straight, military way of carrying himself and the pleasantest voice you ever heard."

"Does he talk to you much?"

"Oh, often, mamma," declared Sara.

Mrs. Aubrey was silent for a few minutes. A vague fear was entering into her heart.

"Sara," said she at last, "I do not think it is best for you to be too much at Hazleton Court."

"Why not, mamma?" Sara opened her big blue eyes in innocent surprise.

"It's so pleasant there, and I like them all so much."

Mrs. Aubrey hesitated. She could not answer: "Because Colonel Hazelton is a widower, and people will talk and gossip." So she equivocated a little, and made reply: "They live so differently from what we do, darling. It is scarcely a good or wise preparation for your new life."

Sara pondered the matter over.

"I don't see what difference it makes, mamma," said she; "but, of course, when I get a situation I shall have no time for visiting; and Helen is going to paris with her father in the spring, so there will be an end of all my intimacy there."

Brave little Sara! She was a heroine, for she wore the old washed-over muslin dress, standing among the fair young girls in soft merino and lustrous dead-white silk,

"Mamma cannot afford it," she answered, quietly, to all the criticism that was uttered.

Helen Hazelton brought her home that evening in the sleigh, with a box of cut rose-buds and East India ferns, and left her with her mother.

Mrs. Aubrey looked up from her sewing.

"My darling," said she, 'your checks are like carnations!"

"It's the winter air," I suppose," said Sara, flinging down her bonnet. "Mamma put aside that hateful needle! You are never to sew any more! I've made up my mind not to teach in the New York public schools!"

"Sara!"

"I am going to Hazelton Court!"

Mrs. Aubrey's faded eyes sparkled.

"To be Helen's governess? cried she.

"Helen's governess, indeed!" cried Sara· "Helen knows as much as I do: mamma, you have guessed wrong this time."

She knelt down on the floor and laid her check on her mother's knee.

"Mamma, Colonel Hazleton has asked me to marry him," said she, "and I have said yes."

"Asked you to marry him. Sara? But you are such a child!" cried Mrs. Aubrey.

"That's the reason he likes me he says,' confessed blushing Sara.

"And you, dearest—do you love him?"

"Mamma, he's the one man in all the world to me," whispered the girl.

And child and mother wept together a shower of happy tears.

"But, sweetest," whispered Mrs. Aubrey, "you seem such a child to be married."

"Yes, mamma, I know," said Sara, gravely. "But if I am to be happy, the sooner I begin the better."

Which was an incontrovertible piece of logic.

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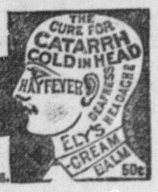

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It is said that the residents of Hyeres, France, where the English queen and her party are at present sojourning, are amazed at the enormous amounts of substantial viands that the English appetite calls for. Her majesty and Princess Beatrice breakfasted a few days ago at the Hotel Dijon, and in a short half an hour demolished coffee, tea, cream, butter, omelets, poached eggs, sole, beefsteak, fruit, and bread in quantities that seemed enormous according to French ideas. In addition to this a big luncheon was set forth in the saloon, consisting of boiled chicken, cutlets, cold meats and fruits, which was generously patronized.

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12 00	9 15		7 00	3 30
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11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
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AT THE LIARS' CLUB

A Tale of a Swarm of Mosquitoes and of the Same Swarm of Mosquitoes.

',It was a remarkable thing," said Alder man Cocoa, at the third weekly meeting of the Liars' club, held at the club-rooms last night.

"What was?" queried the inquisitive member.

"That adventure of mine——"

"The twelfth ward?" asked the I. M.

"No; off Jamaica bay. We were fishing for——"

"Suckers?" interrupted the I. M. once more.

"No: whales. Well, we had a Jonah aboard and couldn't catch a blessed thing.

"One fine snmmer day, when the sun shone on the bay and the catfish sported in the waves, then we sailed quite far away to the land of strife and fray, where—there, I knew it would come that I'd drop into rhymed verse—well, on this beautiful day, with not a cloud in the azure sky, and all nature feeling on very good terms with itself, we heard a low, rumbling sound in the distance. It was like the moaning of the wind when whiskers are scarce, or when the board of aldermen sets up an opposition show. It came from the land of the applejack, which strikes several times in one place, especially if taken through a straw, and grew louder and louder.

"Fear and fright were visible in every countenahce, and we finally went below and battened down the hatches. Then it grew hot down there! Why, one of us set an old hen we had on board on an omelet souffle, and she hatched out a dish of scram bled eggs. All this time the noise was getting louder and louder, and the ship trembling from stem to sternpost, and we were trembling and shivering. Then it grew less and less until finally it ceased altogether, and we plucked up sufficient courage to open the hatches and to venture on deck.

"Well, to cut a long story short, a swarm of Jersey mosquitoes had descended upon us and had carried away every stitch of canvas."

For a moment, but a moment only, there was an intense and dramatic silence, broken only now and then by the low gurgling of a disappearing cochtail. Then the I. M. gave a preliminary hem and started in at top speed.

"I can testify to the truth of that story, he said, while the assembled liars looked astonished. "I was sailing past the same spot about two days later and heard that same indentical noise. It grew louder and louder in the same fashion, until we discovered it to be that same identical swarm of mosquitoes. But, gentlemen, every one of those same mosquitoes wore canvas pants made out of those same identical sails."

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Women Teachers.

Of the teaching body in the United States at the last census 65 per cent. were women. The total number is 239,333. Women are sometimes employed as teachers exclusively for boys, but more frequently for boys and girls together.

In Chicago there are no separate schools for boys—the sexes are taught together. Women in Boston teach all the branches in all the public school course to children of all ages and all classes in life. In reply to the comparative success of male and female teachers the commissioner of education reports: Women, I think as a rule succeed better than men in getting work out of pupils of all kinds. The intellectual training which they give is therefore better up to a certain point than that given by men. They also maintain better discipline than men and with less corporal punishment.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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There are a great many kitchens that are not possessed of the luxury of a brush for cleaning potatoes. It is next to impossible to wash potatoes perfectly clean by hand. The use of a little scrubbing brush, such as may be purchased at from five to ten cents, will soon make their jackets fresh and clean so that they will be fit to be brought on the table roasted. Roasted potatoes should always have a little bit of skin chipped off at either end to allow the steam to escape and to prevent their becoming sodden before they are thoroughly done· Such a brush is also very useful in washing beets and various other root vegetables, all of which are probably just as well in their skins, and peeled when they are done—the turnip being the only exception to this rule, as it acquires a bitter flavor when boiled in its jacket.

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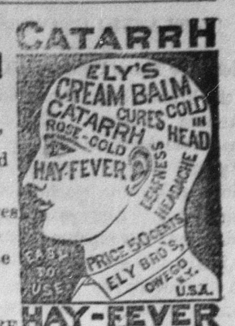

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"Keep the buffalo robe well wrapped around your knees," Damiens said. "I think we had better try the marsh; it will save at least five miles."

"Try the marsh; do you mean the bay Dolman was speaking of? Is it not rather a dangerous road?"

"Bah! Dolman is an old woman—the bay, or marsh, whatever you like to call it, is safe enough to a man who knows his road. But if you are afraid, why—"

"No, no, I am in your hands," Arundel said hastily, "go whichever way pleases you best."

"Then, hold on, for we turn down a hill here, and the descent is a little awkward."

So awkward that it seemed to George Arundel as though they were going down the roof of a house, but ere he could confess his alarm, the runners grated on the level rough ice of the frozen river.

The relief was instantaneous. The cold, cutting blasts of wind lost their fury in the shelter of the high bank, and the horses, blown with their furious speed, relaxed their pace to a gentle walk.

"This is ever so much pleasanter," Arundel observed, "though I think we ran some risk to get here. A blind man, you know, Mr. Damiens, may be excused for being a little nervous, and my being frightened must not be construed into a slight of your magnificent accomplishments as a Jehu."

"Oh, I'm all right and the horses know me," was the careless response; "but you ought not to mind a little danger for the enjoyment of so much happiness as you have had to-day. There's many a man would go through twice as much for such a reward."

"Yes, I have had a delightful day," Arundel replied, puzzled at the sudden change of his companion's tone.

"And, when is the marriage to come off?" the Frenchman asked abruptly.

"The marriage—what marriage?"

"Why your own, of course—yours and the pretty teacher's," was the coarse reply.

"Do you mean by the pretty teacher to refer to Miss Arlington?"

"Who else? You are not ashamed of your choice, I suppose?"

"Has anyone dared to hint at such a thing?" Arundel demanded in angry tones.

"No need to hint—I've got eyes in my head to see with, I suppose, if you have not," was the brutal rejoinder.

"I don't know what you mean by assuming this tone to me," George said, highly indignant; "to taunt me with my affliction is not a very brave thing to do, Mr. Damiens. Perhaps, if I had the blessed privilege of sight, you would be more careful in your selection of words and your manner of using them."

"Bah! What do you mean by snapping a man's head off for venturing a remark? Is Wanda Arlington—"

"Please, Mr. Damiens, let Miss Arlington's name rest."

"Oh, so Miss Arlington must not be talked about, or even thought about, I suppose, by anyone but Mr. Arundel. How selfish you successful lovers are."

George was silent. A retort rose to his lips, but he wisely curbed his tongue. Helpless as he was, what

WITH THE SHRIEK OF A MANIAC HE FLUNG THE REINS ACROSS THEIR BACKS.

could he do to check the ribald nonsense of this man, who seemed determined to pick a quarrel with him.

But silence did not suit Damiens' mood.

"Aye, you thought you'd got the game in your own hands, didn't you, Mr. Blind Man? But when you made your plans to entrap Wanda with your sniveling appeals to her pity, you left me out of your calculations, I guess."

"Good heavens! Is the man insane?" George muttered.

Well might he ask himself the question, for the next moment his companion's voice, hoarse with passion, was hissing in his ear so wild and incoherent a torrent of abuse that he expected every moment a madman's clutch upon his throat.

"Curse you!" he continued, wildly, "with your mealy-mouthed ways to come between me and the only girl I ever loved. But do not think I'll bear it. Beaten by a blind man. No, I'm not quite come to that. Pretty Wanda shall be mine despite your trickeries. But I'll give you a chance for your life—just one chance."

"You would not murder me!"

"Murder? Not I," the Frenchman laughed in wild mockery. "But none the less you'll be to-morrow morning stark and cold, and Wanda and I will mingle our tears at the cruel accident which brought you there, unless—"

"Unless?" Arundel asked, with breathless eagerness.

"Unless you swear by the eternal God to leave the state to-morrow—to give up Wanda Arlington—and never communicate with her again."

As he spoke he stopped the horses and leaped lightly from the cutter.

"Speak!" he screamed, "will you take the oath?"

A thousand thoughts whirled through Arundel's brain.

No, not even to a madman would he perjure himself.

"Your life hangs on your answer! Speak!" Damiens roared, as he stood lines in hand jagging the mouths of the fretful horses.

To the right of him was the steep declivity of the bank; to the left, the river more than a mile wide, and now a plain of snow and ice, peaks of ice, rough and ragged as when the mighty stream with grinding fury piled them in the fall.

Towards this road to certain death Damiens had turned the heads of the plunging horses.

"Will you not speak?" he hissed. "Then God have mercy on your soul!"

His whip was poised in the air for a moment, and the next he brought it down on the flanks of the infuriated animals.

Thrice the cruel blows fell.

Then, with the shriek of a maniac, he flung the reins across their backs.

Even above the roar of the storm and the crash of the cutter against the blocks of ice, George Arundel could hear his wild peals of laughter.

CHAPTER XII.
WHAT THE CHILDREN SAW.

Wanda rose early. There was not much inducement to do so at this unpleasant season; but the riverside folks were early risers, beginning the day's business at an hour when city people were enjoying their best sleep, and she had fallen into their ways.

So, by seven o'clock, the greasy beefsteak and muddy coffee had been disposed of, and Mr. Dolman, who always conducted divine service in his family in a way peculiarly his own, had informed the Almighty with revolting familiarity where He should extend His blessings that day, and she was ready for the usual routine of duty.

It was not quite light enough to read, and the Dolmans were parsimonious as regarded lamps, so she essayed to amuse herself by watching a crowd of urchins playing in the street. There was not much real daylight yet, but the storm was over, and the deep snow lay white and unflurried on the sidewalk.

Presently she noticed that the children stopped their play and gathered in an excited group, while all their eyes were fixed on the river.

With pardonable curiosity Wanda opened the front door and called to ask them what they saw.

"Oh, teacher, come here! Come, quick!" was the eager demand of the little ones.

"What is it?" she cried, not caring to wet her feet unnecessarily.

"Why, teacher, it's a black horse a-crawlin' over the ice-hills, just as though he was wounded," Johnnie Beggs assured her. Johnnie pronounced it wownded, but Wanda had no heart to correct him. In a minute she was with the children.

"Where? Where?" she asked, excitedly.

"There! by yonder big iceberg!"

Johnnie's ideas of icebergs were as much at fault as his orthography.

Yes, certainly there was something creeping over the snow in the far distance, which in the indistinct light might to Wanda's inexperienced eyes have been a wolf or a dog; but the urchins were right, for as it got nearer, Miss Arlington recognized it as a horse—a black horse, with broken harness trailing in the snow.

By the time the poor thing had reached the shore and stood with head bent low at the foot of the bank—its knees broken and bleeding, its coat covered with frozen gouts of blood, and a great gash visible on its quivering shoulder—James Dolman had joined the group.

"Jerusha!" he cried, his sallow face turning even a deeper yellow, "ef thet ain't one of 'Phonse's bashaws!"

Wanda turned sick at the thought. She would have fallen—the street seemed to be reeling round her—had she not clung to the arm of a girl standing by, who looked with wonder at the young teacher's emotion.

"Are you sure, Mr. Dolman," she said as soon as her trembling lips could frame the words: "Are you sure that it is one of Mr. Damiens' horses?"

"Sure!" sneered Dolman, "ther ain't another horse o' thet breed i' the hull county."

"And some accident must have happened?"

"Like es not. I said how it 'ud be last night, when they would start in the blizzard. 'Phonse Damiens' wrists is like steel, but he couldn't hold them bashaws ef the sleet cut 'em."

"But you said last night they would be quite safe, Mr. Dolman. You urged Mr. Arundel to go," Wanda remonstrated.

"Safe! I said no sich thing. But thet horse must be helped to shelter, an' you'd better go in the house. Cryin' won't do no good. Besides, how d'ye know they're hurt? 'Tain't the fust time a cutter's been tipped over on thet there river—"

"But it's seven hours since they've left us."

"So 'tis. Guess they must o' got hurted—like es not they dropped in an air-hole—p'r'aps them wild bashaws kicked 'em silly es they broke loose."

"Then, for heaven's sake," Wanda cried, "give the alarm and get men to go with you to their rescue! Oh, if I were only a man!" the girl sobbed, crazed at his deliberation.

"Oh, we'll go fast enough soon es we've got this poor critter in the stable. The hoss is alive, miss—the men may be dead, for all we know," and James Dolman, not to be perverted from his

JAMES DOLMAN CLIMBED DOWN THE BANK TO THE SIDE OF THE QUIVERING HORSE.

intentions by a girl's tears, climbed down the bank to the side of the quivering horse.

But by this time the news had spread through the village and a little crowd had quickly gathered on the river bank.

The men looked grave as they discussed the situation, and Wanda gathered no hope from their sad faces. By this time the mist was arising from the river, and eager eyes were strained along its northern channel.

"Guess, boys, you'd better get some ropes an' let's go out to the point. Like es not we'll find 'em there, or thereabouts."

Wanda watched the men start, gazed with a kind of dazed interest on Dolman and a few others as they dragged the wounded horse up the bank; and then went back to the house. Oh, how hard it was to be a woman—to do nothing but stay indoors and wring her hands, when her loving friend was in such fearful danger. She had hardly reached her room, when she was told that a man was waiting below to see her. Harry! Ah, it was Harry come at last, she thought—now she would have a strong heart to lean upon—now she—

But it was not Harry. It was only a white-haired man, with face so ghastly in expression that it chilled her blood to look at him.

"Where is George Arundel, Miss? What have ye done with Master George?"

There was a reproachful appeal in the man's manner which struck her to the heart.

"Have you not heard? Do you not know? We fear they were lost on the river last night—he and Mr. Damiens—they started late, and one of the horses came back badly hurt."

"Oh-h-h," Bladon groaned.

"They may not even be hurt, if you will only wait till—"

But the old man did not seem to hear her.

"Lured him to his ruin, as the other Wanda did his hapless father."

The poor girl's bosom heaved in deep distress; her lips moved as though she would have uttered a remonstrance, but the depths of the old man's sorrow awed her into silence.

"You might have spared him, miss," he said presently. "You might have left him alone in the care of his old servant—he was blind you know—not much of a conquest for a bonnie lass like you. It was too bad, too bad."

"Oh, Mr. Bladon," but sobs choked her utterance.

"Then you must have them both at your heels," this dreadful old man continued, "both this gay young Frenchman and Master George. True, my poor lad couldn't see the other's eyes devouring your pretty face—ah, you'd better have took to one instead of wrecking both their lives."

But hark! A shout. It is a man running on the ice, who calls to those ashore to send a bobsleigh with a featherbed in it to a place above the point.

Old Bladon was among the first to respond to the cry. Now that there was something to do, the old man had cast aside his air of depression, and was busy making preparation to do his duty. Nothing was forgotten in the hurry—blankets, brandy, hot water bottles—and he alone thought to send a man off in hot haste to Glastonbury to fetch a surgeon.

Then the sad group set out up the river, with a host of women and children at its heels, and Wanda Arlington remained behind, agonized with the pain of an almost unbearable suspense.

They came at last, with the terrible story, carried by excited schoolboys, preceding them.

Yes, they had found one of the missing ones—poor George Arundel. He was lying with his face buried in the snow, and with the wreck of a cutter and the body of a dead horse beside him.

And when Wanda Arlington learned this dismal story, she brushed aside her tears, and, with a group of eager, chattering children around her, started up the river to meet the rescuers. It was easy to see by their downcast looks that the worst had happened—the worst, she said bitterly to herself, was not death.

"You will bring him to my room at Mr. Dolman's," she said, with a composure that did not deceive the kind-hearted rivermen, who were tender as women when trouble was to the fore.

"No, no, lass, not that, not that." The speaker was William Bladon. He was walking beside the sleigh a little aloof from the others, but he advanced to her side when she spoke.

"And why not?" the girl said hotly. "What have I done that you should treat me so cruelly? George Arundel was my dear friend, as well as yours, and I claim my right to be near him in his hour of need."

"But, miss—"

"Nay, hear me. If he could speak, do you think he would approve your harshness?"

"They think he'll never live to win this journey's end," Bladon whispered. "It matters little where they take him, lass; your lodging's as good as anywhere else, so have thine own way, child. P'raps I was too hard on thee this morn, but I loved the lad dearly—an' I'm old an' set in my ways."

So they bore the poor, maimed body to Dolman's house, and laid it tenderly on Wanda's bed.

Then came the dreaded hour, when the physician was making his examination, and all the stricken girl could do was to pray ceaselessly and pitifully that Heaven would spare her the worst.

Good, kind, gentle Dr. West, who had been her friend from the day after her arrival in Glastonbury, came from the sick chamber at last.

"No, he is not quite dead, he said. "But I do not think he will linger through the day."

And, without a word, at his feet Wanda Arlington fell, as though the verdict had stricken her with death.

Meanwhile the villagers were hurrying to and fro searching for traces of the other participant of the night's adventure, who had so mysteriously disappeared from the scene. It was impossible that he could have fallen through the ice, for the snow-prints of the horses' hoof were too fresh not to tell the exact story of their wanderings, and there was not an air-hole near them.

But towards noon, a fisherman, who had moored his "hut" at the further end of the bay, came into the village, and told a story which set the tongues of the gossips wagging.

He said that the preceding night, having his hut well in the shelter of a big snowbank, he had gone to rest; that very early in the morning between two and three o'clock he had been awakened by Alphonse Damiens, very white in the face and wild-looking about the eyes, who offered him five dollars to help him to get to the Canadian shore, and also gave him a two-dollar bill for a half-pint of whisky he happened to have. That he did conduct him over the frozen river to Queensville, which they reached with much difficulty, as he had to clear the way in places with his axe. That Damiens started off down a lane away from the village as soon as he reached the shore, and that he had seen nothing of him since.

"Didn't say nawthin' about no accident?" asked James Dolman, who was sitting on an inverted apple barrel in the grocery store, the center of a group of admiring friends, all chewing tobacco and whittling sticks.

"He never said a word about no accident to me," the fisherman averred. "He seemed desp'rate anxious to get to Canady, and I thought he'd been in some row with the constable an' wanted to light out."

"Was he hurt in any way?"

"Not as I knows on. His boots an' pants was cut about a bit, as was nat'ral after travelin' over them spiky chunks o' ice, but I didn't see no bruises on him."

"That's strange," Dolman exclaimed, "an' did yer hear no noises afore he come ter wake yer up?"

"Well, now you speak on it, I think I did. About half an hour, or maybe an hour afore 'Phonse come to my hut, I hearn a mos' awful yellin' on the west side the bay."

"Down by Breckenridges?"

"Aye, where the Glastonbury folks crosses the ma'sh."

"Thet was two miles away from wheer the blind man was found—couldn't a been him?" Dolman appealed to the circle of open-mouthed listeners, who nodded their heads in solemn silence.

"Say," interrupted the grocer, who had just returned to the group after serving a woman with a pound of butter, and had lost the fisherman's story, "who is that stout, thick-set, oldish man, as come up from Glastonbury in the livery-rig an' is stoppin' at your house with the poor chap as is hurt, Jim?"

"Thet's the blind feller's keeper."

"Du tell! Well, all I can say is thet I'd raythe he were his keeper than mine."

[To be Continued]

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To Correspondents.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Mr. Thomas Watson, of Fleming, was an agreeable caller on Monday

—Ellis Horner and Oscar Lornberger sent eighteen fox skins to market last week.

—To-morrow is Good Friday; also the first day on which you can legally catch trout.

—Mrs. Dr. E. W. Hale and her daughter Miss Ella are now at their home in this Place.

—Professor R. R. Fair, opened a term of Normal school at Beech Creek the eleventh of this month

—Regular visitors these days—the tax collector after our tax and the assessor making another.

—The funeral of Thomas Miller, (colored) of Bellefonte, took place yesterday at 2 o'clock p. m.

—Mr Joseph DeHaas, of Blanchard, is having an attack of pneumonia. Hope he may speedily recover

—Decker Bros. Minstrels will appear in Garman's Opera House April 20. The popular favorite, Lew Benedict, is with them.

—Of course you all know that next Sunday is Easter, but what we would like to know is how many eggs are you going to eat?

—Last Sunday was Palm Sunday, and sprays of palm were visible on more than one coat. The day was also appropriately observed in the Catholic church.

—Mr. Reuben Richards, a well known citizen of Julian, formerly land lord of the Hotel at that place, died last Tuesday morning. He has been in feeble health for some time.

—The First Liberty Baptist church of Blanchard have extended a call to Rev. Lithrow. It is hoped that he will respond favorably as he seems to give entire satisfaction to the whole society

—Last Tuesday Governor Pattison signed the death warrant of Charles Cleary and named as the day for his execution, Thursday Juue 9th. An appeal will be made to the Board of Pardons for a pardon for the unfortunate young man.

—The new Bellefonte orchestra, under the skillful direction of Prof. W. T. Meyer, is becoming very proficient, and it will not be long now until we expect to hear of it being very much in demand to furnish music for select occasions.

—Last Wednesday Ollie Campbell fell from the roof of the house of Mr Hammond Sechler, on Linn street. It was Ollies first attempt at carpentering and he says it will likely be his last. He was assisting to put a new roof on the house.

—The "Dan McGinty's Troubles Co." which exhibited in Garman's opera house here last Friday disbanded the next morning. Three of the troup went to Philadelphia to join Forepaugh's circus while the rest departed for their homes in Chicago.

—It is said that G. W. Foote, of Mifflinburg contemplates starting a paper at State College. Before doing so brother Foot, come to Centre county and take a good look at the long line of half starved editors already here, and then you will likely change your mind.

The Presbyterian Church of Tyrone has subscribed $88.81 to the relief of the Russian sufferers A. G. Morris well known in Centre Co $ 50.00 Morrison & Cass Paper Company $50.00 We have not learned that anything has been done in Bellefonte, our people must be to poor.

—Subscribe for the *Republican*. We want one thousand new subscribers for this fall campaign. Try to get your neighbor to take it so that we, may reason together as to whether it is not for the best interest of all that the republican ticket should succeed this fall by a large majority.

—Ed Rowe, the High street furniture dealer, now boasts the ownership of one of the handsomest delivery wagens ever seen in Bellefonte. Both sides are set with heavy plate glass mirrors and the tob and inside is covered with handsome brussels carpet. It was built by Mr. John Bartges, of this place.

—On Monday evening Dr. H. K. Hoy, and wife entertained a few friends at their home on High street, in honor of Miss Maud Lindsay, of Coleport, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hoy, Miss Minnie Hoy rendered some fine instrumental music. The Dr. and lady are showing their guest all the attractions of Bellefonte and vicinity including the celebrated Penn cave.

Died—At Coalport Clearfield Co on Monday evening april 11 at 9-30 oclock. after an illness of several days Whitmer E. Pannebaker aged 2 years 9 months and one day infant son of Mr & Mrs C P Pannebaker. The body will be taken to Philipsburg for burial.

Died—In Taylor township Sunday evening april 10 of Heart disease John Copenhaver aged 68 years, he lived on the Tyrone pike two miles north of Bald Eagle.

Popular Postal Service.

Eree delivery has been established in the past three years at 150 offices, among which Bellefonte is one, and extended by the addition of 2,400 carriers of which Bellefonte has four. The last report of the last administration showed a total of 358 letter-carrier offices; up to date there are 551.

An unerring indication of the increased efficiency of the postal service under President Harrison's Administration is to be The total number of pieces of dead mail matter received at that office in 1886 was about 4, 800,000. Three years later it was about 6,200,000: and for the present year it will be about 6,800,000. In other words for the three years prior to 1889 there was an increase of 1,400,000 pieces, or 29.2 per cent.. while for the last three years the increase has been only 600,000, or 9.6 per cent.

That is to say, while there was an increase during the three years of fully 35 per cent. in the number of pieces of mail matter handled, the increase in the number of pieces sent to the Dead Letter Office was less than 10 per cent.—a difference of 25 per cent. in favor of increased efficiency of service.

These are the bare unvarnished facts. If the whole story of the three years were to be told there should be added the sub-stations and the stamp-stations established: the improved railroad connections and fast trains put on: the sea post office begun the lottery expulsion from the mails; experimental free delivery at small places; the system of promotions based on merit, ascertained from actual records, a system formulated and introduced by the Post-Office Department; new postal cards introduced; the substitution of a new series of postage stamps of better size and more artistic designs than those previously in use; and a score of minor improvements in methods to say nothing of the reduction in the ratio of increase of expenses.

New Subscriptions.

Week ending March 23—1892		10
,, ,, ,, 30—	,,	12
,, ,, April 6—	,,	20
,, ,, ,, 12—	,,	31
Total		82

The Republican has been under the present management four weeks and the above exhibit of the confidence of our friends is very gratifying to us. We expect the list to grow week by week and we trust we shall issue a paper that shall show that your confidence is not misplaced. We want 1000 new names added to our list for the great campaign of next fall, a contest the importance of which to the great mass of laboring people cannot be estimated.

It is to the interest of every lover of good government to circulate republican literature. Republicans are made by reading and the spread of intelligence. We ask our friends therefore to help us push along a good cause by getting the Republican into the hands of as many people as possible.

Arbor Day.

Speaking of Arbor day, a couple of which will be along in the next two months, an exchange says: "The highways of Pennsylvania, as a rule, are an affliction to all who have to use them, nearly six months in the year. Some compensation might be secured for the other six months, if shade strees were generally planted and cared for. It is to be hoped that Arbor day will be more generally observed this year by the young people than ever before." What's the matter with every owner of a vacant piece of ground planting a tree?

Died at Unionville.

On Thursday, April 7, at 10 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Flora Peters, aged 23 years and 24 days.

The funeral was from the Union church, Rev. Koontz, of Bellefonte efficiating. The pall bearers were W. H. Comly, W. B. Sensor, Ddward Iddings, William Barder, E. A. Hall, and A. G. Ammerman. Interment was made in the cemetery above the town, a husband and two small children are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and loving mother.

The Philadelphia Press Ordered.

We have ordered the Philadelphia Weekly *Press* for the following parties. If they do not receive it within one week they will confer a favor by sending notice to this office at once:

David Harshberger, Hublersburg; Sallie J Keller, Boalsburg; J. E. Haas, Cheney, Neb.; W. H. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.; Charles F. Heichel, Blanchard.

LETTER LIST.

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., April 11, 1892.

Theodore Crissman; Iran Goymerac; Bessie Smirtz; R. H. Smith; Frank Thompson.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler, P. M.

Married.

Cornwell—Kline. At Howard on March 29th, 1892, by Rev. N. B. Smith, Isaac H. Cornwell and Miss Annie J. Kline, both of Howard, Pa.

A Dead Man Found.—On Monday, April 4th, a party of surveyors along the Beech Creek railroad found the body of a dead man in Big Sandy Creek in Snow Shoe township. From appearance he was judge to have been between sixty and sixty five years of age. One dollar and thirty cents were found in the pockets of the clothes worn by the dead man. How he met his death or who he is at this writing still remains a mystery.

Unionville Items.

Still the snow comes and goes, as the sun shines or wind blows.

Some farmers are ploughing and doing such other farm work as the weather will permit of.

Some oats are sown and some early potatoes planted.

J. S. Bonham of this place has made sale of personal property and is about moving to Irvona, Clearfield Co., where he will engage in Gun Smithing.

Building and repairing are going on in various parts of town. Daniel Hall took down his stable and will build a large and more conveinent structure.

Dr. Russell will put up a veranda to his residence, facing Chestnut street.

What fine roads we will have, when we get that Stone Crusher?

Considerable attraction to draw so large a body here from Scotia.

Mrs. Daniel Irvin, of Julian, was visiting in town the fore part of this week.

Owen Underwood has recovered from his recent illness, to be out seeing after his stock.

Power is suggested in the association of "Buck & Hall" so the mill will be likely to hum.

There was great activity on the B E Valley R.R. on Monday when many of the trains from the main line came through this way owing to a wreck on the main line.

Spring Fever.

The gradual opening of the budding trees and the shooting upwards of the blades of grass are signs of the advent of spring the farmer is already at work stimulating the growth of his crop by fertillizers to insure a rich harvest. Nature needs stimulation and why should not man? The system needs building up after the attacks of Grippe and cold, and the only tonic is pure whiskey. Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa; has the endorsement of emmient physicians, certifying to the purity of his famous Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies. Sold everywhere at $1.50 per full quart Six-year-old Penn Rye Whiskies *absolutely pure* at $1.00 per quart or 6 quarts for $5.00. Send for catalogue and price list of all kinds of liquors to Max Klein, 85 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

The First of a Series.

Rev. George Elliott preached in the Presbyterian church in Bellefonte last Sunday evening on the subject of temperance. Among other things he said that the first temperance organization in this county was at Pine Grove Mills, in the year 1826, where ninty-six persons signed the pledge, Rev. James Linn, then pastor of the Presbyterian church of this place, made an address at that meeting.

This was the first of a series of sermons to be preached in this place on temperance. The Bellefonte Temperance club and the Christion Endeavor Society attended in a body. We hope these meetings may do much good for the cause of temperance.

Fish Law Violators.

Some lawless fishermen have been violating the law in relation to fishing, and have taken trout from Spring creek too early in the season the 15th of this month being the right time. It is rather late now to call attention of the officers to the fact, as tomorrow is the day when they can lawfully fish for trout; but the law should be respected and violators should be punished. This law is made for the protection and benefit of all. Violators of it are exterminators of fish and, should be taught to respect the rights of other.

Out in the Street.

Local dramatic talent of Howard will render the enticing drama, "Out in the street," next Saturday evening, the 16th inst., in the Opera House at Eagleville, the proceeds for the benefit of the Howard Cornet Band. They gave the same entertainment at Howard a short time ago to a highly appreciatine audience. They should have a cordial reception.

Wait for the Grand Millinery Opening.

Miss Mollie Snyder, has returned from New York, after spending two weeks in seclecting a fine stock of Spring and Summer Millinery. She has secured Miss Louilla Gulick, of New York as trimmer and will exhibit a fine line of imported hats Thursday and Friday April 21 and 22. All are invited.

23-15-2t

Lost Lina.

We said last week that we thought we could give a continuation of the story of Lost Lina, but we have not been able to do it. We will continue this story just as soon as we can possibly make arrangements to get it.

In 1891, during January, the exports of butter from the United States to Cuba amounted in value to $952.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding month, our exports of butter to that country amounted in value to $2,149.

This increase of $1,196, *or* 125.5 *per cent., was caused by Republican reciprocity.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., April 11, 1892

The latest democratic scheme to aid in throwing the election of President into the House of Representatives is shrewd, but it will not work, for the very simple reason that the republican leaders see through it and will take care that it is made equally clear to the voters in the States concerned. At a consultation attended by Senators Gorman, Brice and Hill, and some other prominent democrats it was decided that it would greatly strengthen the chances of the third party to carry, of course, with the assistance of the solid democratic vote, four or five of the northwestern States, if it could be made to appear probable that it could carry an equal number of southern States.

Carrying out the idea of that conference, southern democrats of prominence, have "filled up" every newspaper man that they could get at with their fears that the third party may carry from four to seven of the southern States, and lots of rot has been telegraphed from here concerning this alleged new phase of the Presidential campaign. New nothing. There is as much probability that the electoral votes of any Southern State, with the exception of the two Virginias, either or both of which may be carried by the republicans, will be cast for a third party candidate as there is that Texas will go republican. It is simply a dodge to try to catch republican voters who belong to the farmer's organization in the northwestern States.

Only three democrats voted against the bill for the admission of cotton ties and bagging free of duty, which was passed by the House Saturday afternoon, and yet it is one of the most illogical as well as sectional bills ever before Congress. It is a direct blow at one established American industry—the iron hoop and band mills—and it would, if it became a law, create obstructions in the path of those who are trying to establish on a large scale the manufacture of jute bagging in the United States.

Nothwithstanding the covert opposition of nine tenths of the democratic Senators and the open opposition and sneers of a few of them, the very men too that conscience should have kept silent, the bill appropriating $100.000, at the coming encampment in this city was passed by the Senate. Only ten democrats had the nerve to cast their votes against the bill when the test came, and every one of them represents ex-Confederate constituencies. Here is the list: Berry and Jones of Arkansas; Coke and Mills of Texas; Blackburn of Kentucky; Bate of Tennessee; Irby, the so-called Farmer's Alliance Senator, from South Carolina; Colquitt, of Georgia; Pugh of Alabama, and Vest of Missouri.

The World's Fair Congressional committees have been giving hearing both for and against the opening of the exposition on Suuday, and as far as the arguments go the opposition to Sunday opening has decidedly the best of it. What Congress will do, or whether it will do anything is a matter of doubt; it would much prefer escaping responsibility by doing nothing, but the pressure is becoming so strong that some action may have to be taken.

Real Estate speculators are everywhere a shrewd lot but those of Washington should be rated above them all; they have made millions by unloading ground, bought for a song, upon the Government at fancy prices, and they are still at it. At the last session of Congress a bill appropriating the money to purchase a site for the Washington city Post Office on the South side of Penn Avenue the most disreputable part of the city, became a law, and in due time the aforesaid speculators received about three times as much as the square—about the most unproductive property in town -- was worth, and now engineers are searching for a solid foundation, which they say can only be had upon forty-foot piles, and even then it will be necessary to cement the entire bottom and sides of the cellar, and to provide the building with a powerful pumping outfit to keep it dry.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to build a new Patent Office in the same locality, presumably on the same sort of foundation, at a cost of $3.500.000. Now a word about that locality. Strangers to Washington have heard so much about Pennsylvania Avenue that it is natural for them to suppose that it would be a perfectly proper place to erect costly buildings but as a matter of fact it isn't. Why? It is too low-less than three feet above ordinary high tide-, and its dampness and consequent unhealthfulness have caused it to be abandoned for higher ground. All of Washingtons largest business houses, most of which were once on the avenue, are now on F and G streets, and the loss of business and consequent lowering of rentals have cause the forming of a powerful lobby, aided by both of Washingtons daily papers, which own plants on the avenue, to work bills through Congress locating public buildings in this swampy section. Congress should beware of the scheme.

The Man Who Laughs.

The man whose ha! ha! reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the fellow who scolded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laugh is only the cackle of thorns under the pot. The man who spreads his laughter through his life—before a late breakfast, when he misses the train; when his wife goes visiting and he has to eat a cold supper; the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt; when the furnace fire goes out in the night and both of the twins come down with the measels at the same time—he's the fellow that's needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith. Somehow he puts faith into him.

He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice and the sight of his blessed daily life carry convictions that words have no power to give. The blue flees before him as the fog before the west wind; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man. Why are there so few of them? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into shine and winter into summer all round the year, until life is a perpetual season of joy.—[St. Louis Republic.

COMING AND GOING

G. D. Herkimer has removed from Boalsburg to Houserville.

G. W. Lonberger, on Nittny Mountain, finished his last years threshing last Friday.

W. H. Thompson, of Lemont, came down to our office in a snow cloud one day last week. He left us better off than he found us.

Many friends have called to see us from all parts of the county. We are glad to see our old patrons. Call often, the latch string always hangs out.

Mr William R. Way, one of Halfmoon township's best farmers and most agreeable gentlemen, was in Bellefonte on Monday, and gave this office a short call.

Miss Jennie Noll was taken suddenly very ill while spending Sunday at her old home in Bellefonte, and will be unable to assume her musical duties here before April 18.

Mr. James Alexander, one of Bellefonte's bright young attorneys, has lately moved into the pleasant rooms in the Garman House that for fifteen years were occupied by the well known law firm of Alexander, Bower & Orvis.

W. F. Reeder, Esq., is making an addition to his beautiful residence on Allegheny street. The improvement is intended to enlarge his dining room and kitchen. Morris W. Cowdrick and his son, Ed, are doing the brick work.

John Decker, of Hublersburg, is one of the first subscribers to the Republican after W. W. Brown severed his connection with the paper in 1872, and has remained a subscriber ever since. He called upon us a few days ago to wish us "good luck;" as his subscription was paid in advance we did not get any money but he was just as welcome. If we could get a thousand new subscribers like John we should have our bank account improved just fifteen hundred dollars for that is just the way a thousand men like John Decker would treat a newspaper man. Long live our first subscriber.

Miss Annie Armagast.

Died—Near Linn Station, Benner township, this county, on Wednesday, April 6, Mrs. Annie Armagast, aged 64 years and two months. The funeral was held from her late residence on Thursday April 7, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. Armagast maiden name was Annie Bevitt. She was born at Yorkshire, England, February 6. 1828; emegrated to this county when a small child and lived in the state of New York until she was twenty years old when she married James Resides and they moved to this state, taking up their residence in this county, where she has lived continuously until her death. She lived with her first husband six years, fruit of this union was three children, viz.: William, Reuben and Mary, Wm. and Reuben Resides are still living near Julian. Mary died some years ago, James Resides, the first husband, died in 1834. Three years afterwards the widow Resides was married to John Armagast by whom she had five children; all of whom are now living, viz.: Henry, Margaret, Julia, Sarah and John. She has always lived a consistent christian life and two years ago joined the Presbyterian church. She had many friends; a large concourse of people followed her remains to their last resting place. It is said that the young may die but the old must and those who loved and mourn this aged lady have this consolation. She lived beyond the time alloted to human life. While you part from her with sorrow you may thank God that he permitted her to reach a ripe old age. Her life work was finished and she "laid down to the night's repose like flowers at set of sun." You loved her living and you love her still.

A BRIDGE OF SIZE.

One of the Greatest Structures of Modern Times to Span the Thames.

London bridge will be relieved of a large part of its burden of traffic when the sightly new structure shown on this page is completed. Already work on the towers is well advanced, and thousands of workmen are hurrying it to completion. The great structure will cross the Thames near the Tower of London, and is therefor to be known as the Tower bridge.

The illustration shows the bridge open. When it is closed the two leaves of the opening span, each weighing 950 tons, are et down by counter-balance weights to the evel of the bridge, 30 feet above high water. A hundred feet above the bridge level is another roadway for foot passengers, who will be taken up by elevators in the towers whenever the bridge is open and travel below is impeded. The side spans are 270 feet wide with a headway above high water of from 20 to 27 feet; the foundations are 60 feet below high water mark and 27 feet below the bed of the river, and the bridge has a sectional area of waterway of 20,040 square feet as compared with the 19,300 square feet of London bridge. The total length of the bridge and abutments is 940 feet and of the bridge and approaches 2,640 feet, while the steepest gradient of approach is only 1 in 40. That of London bridge, is 1 in 27. It will thus be seen that the bridge, when completed, will be one of the most remarkable in the world, spanning as it does what is perhaps the busiest waterway on earth.

Some 31,000,000 bricks, 70,500 cubic yards of concrete, 10,500 tons of cement, 232,000 cubic feet of granite and other stone, and 15,000 tons of iron and steel are to be used in construction. Attached to the bridge will also be two steam pumping engines for hydraulic machinery, each 360 horse power; eight large hydraulic engines and six accumulators, and four hydraulic elevators for passengers. It will cost $3,500,000.

Was It Gallagher.

Mr. Joseph L. Neff, who has a lumber camp on Big Marsh Creek, thinks he has found a clue to the identify of the dead man who was found near Cato, Snow Shoe township, this county, some days ago. He says:

About ten weeks ago a strange man came into our camp on Big Marsh Creek. It was a very cold night and the man had lost his way. He could not tell in which direction he was going as it was after night when he came into camp. He told us his name was Gallagher and that he was from Chambersburg, this State. He started from home for the Broad Top coal regions, Huntingdon, expecting to find work, but did not succeed in getting work, he came through Lewistown and stayed over night near Centre Hall. The next day he came over to Valentine's ore banks, but did not get work. He finally came through Curtin's Gap, going in the direction of the Walker settlement, and was trying to get to Karthaus, where he said he had a half brother working in the coal mines. He had taken the wrong road in the Walker settlement, and getting into the mountain found his way to our saw mill camp after night. We kept him over night, and next morning I put him on the road leading from Marsh Creek to Cato, Snow Shoe and Karthaus.

He was about 45 or 58 years of age with gray mixed hair, 5 feet 8 inches in height, rather intelligent, and wore good working clothes. He had a dollar and some cents in money and a bottle of medicine with him. The last seen of him he was going towards Cato. He expected to get work with his brother at Karthaus coal mines.

Needed Praying For.

Flossie's mother is an excellent Republican women, while her father is a pronounced Democrat, and tells it nearly as often as Hill does. The other evening Flossie finished her prayer with "and, oh, lordie, dear, do save papa. Amen."

"Why, Flossie,', exclaimed her mother, "what do you mean by saying that? Don't you want anybody else saved but papa?"

"Of course I do, mamma," she replied, very seriously, "and you and me s all right; but papa is a Democrat, and it takes a little extra prayin' to get him through, and we ain't sure about it even then, mamma

I WAS DISGUSTED

with the learned doctors after swallowing their costly medicine for over a year for the relief of catarrh in my head, when I cured myself by using six bottles of Sulphur Bitters. My wife is now taking them for nervous debility.—Abel Carter, Parker House, Boston.

Died—at the Cross roads near Warriors Mark Sunday night April 10. Even Nearhoof aged 66 years.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE